FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE

Go To It with **Triplex** *—and Get There!*

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

1/-

THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXIV No. 2146 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — MARCH 8 1941

EVERY PHASE OF THE WAR ACCURATELY PICTURED AND DESCRIBED

KING SIX CIGARS

8D. *each*

MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON, LTD.

MAKERS OF FINE CIGARS SINCE 1839

Cerebos Salt

FOR DAINTY TABLES

Great stuff this **Bass**

TRADE MARK

McVITIE & PRICE BISCUITS

ALL THE GOODNESS OF BRITISH WHEAT

ENJOY MORE TEA

THE DOCTOR'S CEYLON TEA

ENJOY TEA MORE

2 ozs. of The Doctor's Ceylon Tea goes much further than 2 ozs. of ordinary tea

PRICE 3/- per lb.

FOR WRITING SATISFACTION—

SWAN PENS SWAN INKS

MADE THROUGHOUT IN THE BRITISH ISLES

For sweet breath and pearly teeth— use

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

LARGE TUBE 1/6 FROM ALL CHEMISTS

Grant's Scotch Whisky

"FAMOUS FOR HALF A CENTURY"

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL INSURANCE CORPORATION LTD.

83, PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.

PRICE ONE SHILLING

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

Office: 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

For Conditions of Sale and Supply of The Sphere *see bottom of last page of text.*

. . . *also*

CAMP KIT

At Moss Bros. we like to say that ours is a *complete* service for uniforming and equipping officers—and we use the phrase unreservedly. Camp Kit, every single item of it, is to be had here and the fruit of many years' experience is available in the form of useful advice on what is necessary and what is not. This in itself is an excellent insurance against being saddled with unnecessary equipment.

Sleeping Bag, Kapok, 52/-; Sleeping Bags, Fleece, 70/- and 77/6; Wash Basin, Bath and Stand, 39/6; Water Bucket, 4/- and 6/-; Toilet Holdalls, 21/-; Camp Bed (War Office pattern), 45/- and 64/6; Valise, green canvas, 60/6; Valise, brown mail canvas, leather bound, 92/6; Pillows, 7/6.

(All these prices are inclusive of purchase tax.)

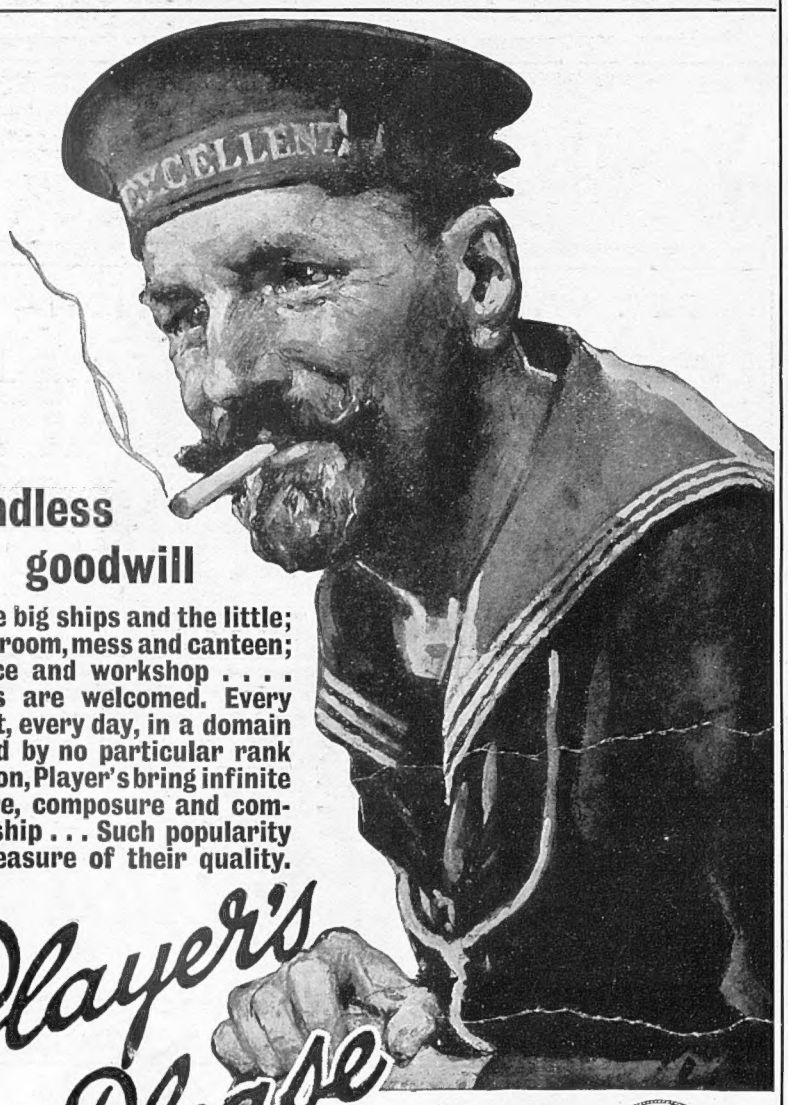
MOSS BROS & CO. LTD.

NAVAL, MILITARY & R.A.F. OUTFITTERS

COVENT GARDEN

Corner of King St. & Bedford St., W.C.2
TEMple Bar 4477 (12 lines)

Also 3-5 Upper Union St., Aldershot; 76 Park St., Bristol; 5 St. Ann's Sq., Manchester; The Hard, Portsmouth; and Boscombe, Camberley, Dorking, Droitwich, Hove, Ilkley, Salisbury, Shrivenham, York.



Boundless goodwill

In the big ships and the little; in wardroom, mess and canteen; in office and workshop . . . . Player's are welcomed. Every moment, every day, in a domain bounded by no particular rank or station, Player's bring infinite pleasure, composure and companionship . . . Such popularity is a measure of their quality.

Player's Please

★ It is now more than ever necessary to empty your packet at the time of purchase and leave it with your Tobacconist.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES · MEDIUM OR MILD · PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS

NCC 548K

Can one keep going on

Snatched Sleep?

A PROBLEM OF TO-DAY ANSWERED

IN normal times, most of us take our sleep in one stretch of six to nine hours.

To-day, tremendous numbers of people are taking their sleep in snatches.

Our soldiers and our air-raid wardens, our firemen and our "front-line" civilians — all are liable to find at times that a couple of hours' sleep is the most they can manage in one stretch.

How will this affect people?

To answer this question, we might ask another: "What makes man think he *needs* an unbroken stretch of several hours' sleep?"

Few animals are monophasic in their sleep-habits. Most are polyphasic; that is, they take their sleep in several "doses," alternately sleeping and waking throughout the 24 hours. So do we ourselves in infancy! Babies are not born with an instinct to take sleep in one stretch. And many are the great men who have relied on "cat naps" to keep young!

No; sleeping a solid eight hours or so, and staying awake for the other sixteen, is simply a social habit. On the whole it is a convenient and sensible habit because it saves artificial light and enables us all to synchronize our activities. But it is not a physiological need. Polyphasic sleep can be just as satisfactory as monophasic.

THAT brings up the question of whether, if one takes sleep in snatches, one should try to make up a total of about 8 hours in 24.

The Quaker Leslie said a hundred years ago: "Nature requires 5 hours' sleep, custom takes 8, laziness 9, wickedness 11." And as recently as 1929, a reputable American scientist, Professor H. L. Hollingworth of Columbia University, was advancing a theory that sleep is simply a silly form of stupor which is taken for granted only because everyone indulges in it; a vicious habit, worse than opium addiction or alcoholism; a scourge surpassing yellow fever or smallpox! How superior a race would be that would dispense with sleep, he said!

It was not a new idea. St. Francis of Assisi and many other religious mystics, mindful perhaps of the biblical instruction against sloth, made innumerable attempts to dispense with sleep altogether. It is likely that some of their "visions" are attributable to this self-denial; modern experiments show that prolonged insomnia almost invariably brings delirium and hallucination.

ST. FRANCIS himself was wise enough to suspect something of the sort. After his own experiments in doing without sleep he instructed the friars that each should learn how much food and how much sleep he needed to maintain himself in physical fitness, so that he might properly carry out his practical tasks.

Modern discoveries confirm the wisdom of this judgment. People's need of sleep varies. Each one of us must discover how much sleep is necessary to maintain alertness of mind and well-being of body. It is probably a great deal less than we think. It is certainly true that if we get the kind of deep, restful sleep that has been called 1st Group Sleep, we can do with far less than if we get the shallow, unsatisfying 2nd Group Sleep, or lie awake worrying as people in the 3rd Sleep Group do.

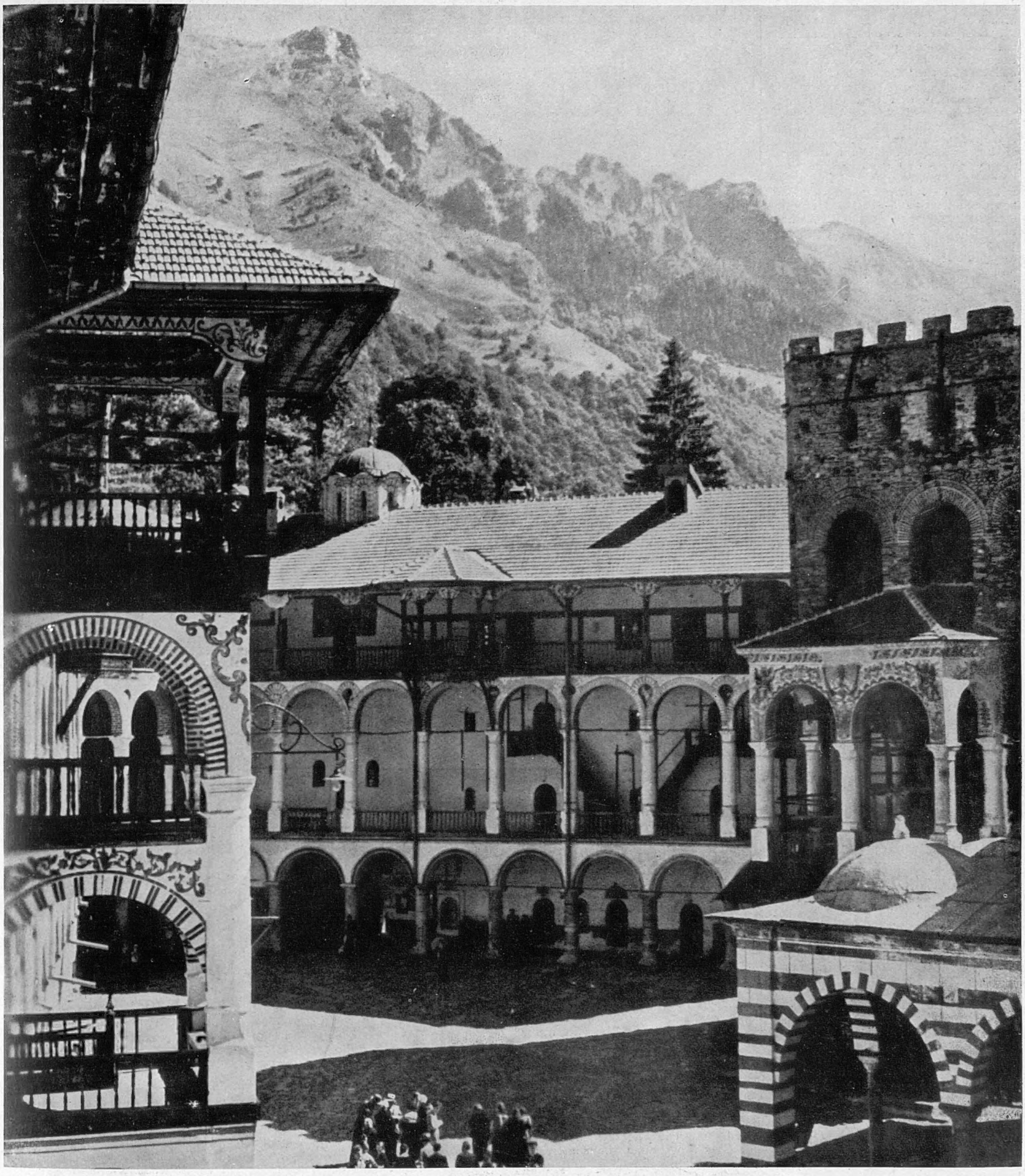
In practice, this question of "level" is the most important aspect of sleep, and variations in the sleep "level" or depth are the whole explanation of the familiar fact that one can sometimes wake tired, unrested, even after a long night's sleep. This occurs when the quality of the sleep is wrong. It is most important to get 1st Group Sleep.

This is especially true nowadays and true, above all, for those who must do on short rations of sleep. The great value of Horlicks is that it helps you to get 1st Group Sleep. Hundreds of thousands of people have found that when they have Horlicks last thing they go to sleep quickly and sleep profoundly, restfully, all night.

IF you are in the 2nd or 3rd Sleep Group, you would be well advised to start taking Horlicks immediately. It is obtainable from two shillings a bottle and it can be made with water. After Horlicks you will not only wake refreshed: your whole nervous system will improve. It is impossible to have steady nerves unless one gets 1st Group Sleep. With it, one is alert, confident, energetic and far more able to resist illness.

That is because it is the true "healing" sleep.

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 8, 1941



WHERE THE GERMANS HAVE ESTABLISHED THEMSELVES IN BULGARIA: A VIEW OF THE FAMOUS RILA MONASTERY, WHERE THE GERMANS ARE BELIEVED TO BE PREPARING THEIR GENERAL HEADQUARTERS

To the south-east of Sofia, capital of the country, lies the Rila Monastery, famous throughout the Balkans, which has long been the focus of the Bulgarian church and of Bulgarian nationality. This spot, it is now reported, has been chosen by the Germans as their General Headquarters. Rila is more than a monastery—in fact, it is also a fortress. It stands on the southern slopes of the Balkan Mountains in the midst of magnificent pine forests and near a well-known ski resort. It has already been taken over for military purposes, and the narrow-gauge railway which connects it with the main line from Sofia to Adrianople has been closed to the public. The sprawling monastery-fortress is one of the largest buildings in Bulgaria, and can house at least 3,000 soldiers. Why this particular spot has been chosen as German G.H.Q. will be fully appreciated after reference to the map which we publish on p. 296 of this issue. It is within a few miles of the Greek border and adjacent to the Struma Valley, down which a German attack on Greece might be launched through the famous Rupel Pass

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2d.

A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 79

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1

BOGEY! BOGEY!—I confess that I fully agree with those who declare that, in so far as the present campaign to impress on us the ferocity and imminence of this invasion of Britain tends to exalt the Nazi war leaders into supermen with superhuman powers of destruction—it is a bore and a danger. I believe that the necessity for keeping on the alert is now deeply impressed on the nation, and that that habit and belief would survive during at least 3 months of propaganda silence. I believe also that no daily picture of horrors to come would increase our awareness that a nasty time will be had by all this summer. In short, I believe that invasion propaganda has done its useful work and might now ca' canny for 3 months, and that a holiday from invasion propaganda (say, during Lent) might help to put Hitler and Co. back into their proper perspective as puzzled, even frightened, men with a vast juggernaut machine not entirely under their control, with a score of unsolved major doubts, problems and difficulties, and with no greater brain power and means than *we* possess to forge new devices for frightfulness and counter-measures, for aggressive action and defensive measures. Looking back into history, we clearly realise to-day how much the nursery-maid picture of Buonaparte as a bogey-man increased his military prestige in Britain at a time when he himself was in a dither of doubt and facing hideous dilemmas. It may be the same to-day with Hitler. We play *his* personal game by for ever harping on the superhuman and novel terrors he is preparing to heap upon us. He is, after all, only one of the amateur guessers who move the pieces on this tragic board which is our world to-day. All reasonable men, women, and children too, in Britain now comprehend very clearly that modern war over England is a gruelling test of manhood and courage and the will to sacrifice. No erected bogey nor hell-fire lighting effects can make that picture more complete. It is mitigated and corrected a little—and fairly so—by the recent memory of the pricking of the Mussolini gas-bag and the collapse in Homeric laughter of the Duce bogey (a mere rotten turnip, after all, with a hollowed niche for a tallow dip which spluttered out with the first breath of wind). The Hitler bogey may prove a turnip yet.

KING ALFONSO.—Many friends and admirers in England have of late followed with sympathy the course of King Alfonso's serious illness, which ended in his death on February 28. King Alfonso was born a king fifty-four years ago, and reigned for all but the last ten of them. The republican movement in Spain which gained strength after the late war made his abdication inevitable by 1930. His chief qualities were courage and humour, and he was a man of strong character and was (personally) politically Liberal. But his strength of character was never sufficient to break down the iron ring of ancient tradition and prejudice which invested the Throne and prevented him from substituting a constitutional monarchy more on the lines of the British in place of the semi-mediæval conception of autocratic sovereignty which still existed when his reign began. With a freer hand he might have achieved much and saved his throne, for he was personally popular for much of his reign, and his courage and character were admired. None of the attempts to assassinate him were directed against him personally, but were the work of republican or other political extremists and cranks. He was always popular in England, for he was a sportsman in the British sense of the word, and his wife was a well-liked English princess. He played polo, was on the best of terms with the British cavalry regiment of which he was Colonel-in-Chief, was a good

THE BADGE OF A BRITISH PARACHUTIST : We are not allowed to show this man's face, but here is the first actual photograph of the badge worn by our parachute troops : it consists of an open parachute superimposed on wings. When volunteers were sought for parachute work the rush of men was, in the words of one of the officers, "positively menacing." For their actual work—as in the recent landings in Italy—the men wear goggles and crash helmets : their trousers are fitted into the tops of their boots. Off duty in Britain, our paratroops wear khaki battledress with the wings-and-parachute badge on their arms

mixer and an amusing talker. No Englishman, however critical of King Alfonso's faults and weaknesses, would deny his fine qualities. Every soldier who knew him would set these qualities beside the "faux bonhomme" efforts and the aping of the sportsman which characterised the German Crown Prince's contacts with the British Army.

THE 16TH LANCERS.—Some years ago I found myself in correspondence with some Spanish gentlemen as a result of a reference I made in the Press to the part played by certain officers of the 16th Lancers (of which King Alfonso was Colonel-in-Chief) after the bomb outrage in Madrid on the Wedding Day in 1906. I had written from memory that certain officer-guests from the 16th rallied round the Royal coach and assisted Queen Ena to alight from the shattered coach and to transfer to another vehicle for the remainder of the drive to the Palace. I recollect that one of our own illustrated papers had a drawing illustrating the occurrence. This reference provoked a rather angry query from the Duke of Algeciras, who wrote to me from Jerez de la Frontera, Cadiz, asking for the name of *any* officer of the 16th who was present on that occasion. I forget how I answered him. But, later on, I found the best evidence that officers of the regiment were present on that occasion. King George V, as Prince of Wales, represented King Edward at the wedding, and had a long and interesting account of the wedding and the tragedy in his diary. He mentioned that the present Lord Dunmore, V.C. (late 16th Lancers) and other officers of the regiment were present (I believe that Colonel Babington, then in command, was also there), and King George told how he and Queen Mary, who were separated by some distance from the Spanish Royal coach in the procession, took the explosion at first for a *feu de joi*. He also mentioned how courageously the King and Queen overcame the shattering shock they had endured.

ITALIAN EMPIRE.—The Emperor of Italy (soliloquising) :—

> "Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
> And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
> Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
> No son of mine succeeding."

"They" were the Fascists; the "crown and sceptre," the emblems of the Italian Empire in Libya, Abyssinia, Eritrea, Somaliland. . . . Where is that Empire now? What is true of nations is true also (and on the same moral grounds) of kings. Better far to go into obscurity with dignity than to become the tool and slave of a faction or an ideology which a king or a nation believes at heart to be prejudicial to the best interests of the state, and tending to destroy individual and national liberty. What degradation have Fascism and Nazism brought upon those sovereigns who sought to retain their thrones by truckling to or submitting to these suspect, brutal and enslaving ideologies! Leopold, justly or unjustly, was for a time the scorn of civilised men, and is only now half redeeming his fame by a dignified aloofness from the régime to which he bowed. Carol surrendered and was ignominiously kicked out. Boris will surely go the way of Carol. The Emperor of Italy—a clever, kindly, patriotic king—is to-day humiliated, and by civilised man pitied, for the weakness and hesitancy which brought him and perhaps his country to its present degradation. He did not value or ever aspire to an imperial sceptre. He knew in his heart that Italy was taking the wrong road. He detested aggression. But he was too weak to take the course which honour and his responsibility to his country clearly indicated. If the thrones of Europe have tended, with every decade, more and more to the British model of constitutional democratic monarchy—with brief reactions to autocracy in times of stress—no historian or statesman of authority has ever suggested that, as the monarch's constitutional powers have grown less, his moral responsibilities have correspondingly decreased. It is all the other way. His moral leadership, his responsibility as guide and statesman to his peoples, his example, have never ceased to grow in importance as his constitutional powers have been reduced by the evolution of democratic government. The history of the reigns of King George V, and of our present King afford the clearest proofs of that assertion. It is inconceivable to any Briton that the Throne of England under its Reigning House could in any circumstances have reached the pass in which so many European Royal Houses find themselves, in humiliation, to-day.

HAVE WE FACED IT YET?—Have we faced it yet? And must we face it sooner or later? The fact, if fact it be, that the democracy for which we are fighting is not altogether, in the form in which we still enjoy it, worth fighting for. In other words, our present form of democracy needs purging of a score of festering old sores before it can become either an inspiring ideal for the will to win or even an efficient machine for forging victory. We are now in the third year (in the calendar) of war, and we have reached that stage which punctually comes in all wars to war-strained peoples, the stage when anxious, thinking people examine into the institutions for which they are fighting and test the worth and the efficiency of many of them. As in the last war, so now, the cry goes out for new men and for new ideas. Criticism grows of tradition-bound minds, of the cherishing of outworn shibboleths, the preponderance of the old gangs at the head and direction of Government and industry. Of the Services the criticism in this war is infinitely less widespread than in the last. The fighting Services have delivered the goods, and continue to do so, and have shed a mighty dead-weight of outworn shibboleths and prejudices. (A few remain, no doubt.) But it is impossible not to be aware that criticism is growing, punctually and as expected, of many features of our democracy and of our administration. A little booklet by George Orwell, which came to my hand, sets forth, as well as need be, this line of argument. It questions whether as a nation we have yet begun seriously to face the sacrifices which the exorable purge of our compromise-of-true-democracy must entail on all of us, and especially on the once "wealthy" classes.

IS OUR DEMOCRACY A WEAK COMPROMISE?—It lends some colour to the vague charge of Nazi propaganda that our democracy is nothing but disguised capitalism. It claims that even now we have done little or nothing to write off for ever those relics of the Edwardian Age which clogged and shamed our weak efforts to make a better world in the years of God-sent truce between the wars. It declares that all too many of our governing class, all too much of clamant public opinion, still have their roots in the age of privilege and still dream of a return one day to the "good old times" and to the "fine old traditions" of Government and administration, of finance, industry and social life which passed current and perhaps passed muster in the Edwardian Age. And this line of argument tells us point-blank that we shall never win this war until we have faced the truth : capitalism is dead and must be buried ; privilege is gone for ever ; the old comfortable Parliamentary traditions and procedure are mostly rotten and out of date. Finance and industry are still in the dead hand of Capitalism. A privilege class, unearned incomes, social barriers and class distinctions, are monstrous anomalies which must be expunged from the map on the table and from the mind's map. In short, as long as we toy with a compromise of democracy, so long we shall continue to toy with winning this war. That is the argument. Herein is the reasoning of a punctually-growing voice of criticism and anxiety. There is nothing new in the argument nor in the hour of its return. Is it sound? If it be so, must we face it sooner or later? Yes. Have we yet faced it? No, I think not.

THE DEER DRIVE.—It is painful to shoot at any creature (save a Nazi or a Fascist) in spring, even on the plea of exterminating vermin. It is hateful to include the lovely little roebuck in the category of vermin, with rats and Nazis and jays. But the Farmers' voices rose insistent, the roe must be reduced in numbers, and the drive was organised. At the cross roads on the common there assembled the strangest assortment of "guns," beaters and weapons, and the strangest variety of dress fashions, from battle-dress to home-made moleskin waistcoats. As for the weapons, they afforded an illustrated history of arms through the ages. I did not actually see a Crécy cross-bow, but the early blunderbuss, the arquebus and the "mors-omnibus" were all in evidence. The method of carrying these offensive weapons varied considerably. The more modern and safer the gun, the more safely it was carried. The blunderbuss was swung, fully cocked, from the hip, breast-high ; the flint lock was borne in the Tommy-gun alert position, and so on. The meeting at the cross roads on the common was lively and cheerful enough. There were five long drives over country known to contain at least a score of roedeer and some escaped park deer as well. The guns stood somewhat close, and the line sometimes bent to a right angle. Luckily the terrain abounded in fire ditches, and good use was made of the Home Guard weapon pits by those of us who felt too young and too fair to die, or preferred to die by the hand of the invader, fighting for our homes and not for our turnips. On the rare occasions when a roebuck broke through the ring of lead, courage shone forth as it always does in time of danger. The weaker vessels went to ground (a mixed metaphor). The spring day drew out to a stormy sunset. A good deal of powder, and some oaths, were burnt and much laughter and jollity were heard. The bag? I saw two jays killed and one old dog fox, and I believe at least four roebuck were fairly distributed to swell the meat ration of 1s. 2d. I wish that the quarry had been Nazis, but it was none the less the image of war, with more than 25 per cent. of its danger. That is why I went home early, before the total bag was counted. THE OLD STAGER

MR. JOHN G. WINANT, NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR, TAKES OVER AT THE AMERICAN EMBASSY: SEATED AT HIS DESK WITHIN A FEW HOURS OF HIS ARRIVAL IN THIS COUNTRY. WITH HIM IS MR. HENSCHEL JOHNSON, THE AMERICAN MINISTER

THE AUSTRALIAN PRIME MINISTER AND THE DUTCH PREMIER MEET: Mr. Menzies, who is over here from Australia to confer with the Cabinet, has made a great impression in London political and diplomatic circles. His public utterances have been weighty, witty and convincing. Here he is seen at the luncheon given on Monday at the Savoy by the Foreign Press Association in his honour. With him is Dr. Gerbrandy, the Dutch Premier; and in the background is the Rt. Hon. S. M. Bruce, Australia's High Commissioner in London

HISTORY IN THE MAKING: HIS MAJESTY THE KING GREETS MR. WINANT IN PERSON. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME A BRITISH MONARCH HAS MET AN ARRIVING AMBASSADOR AT A RAILWAY STATION

Mr. Winant, the new U.S. Ambassador to Britain, arrived in this country on Saturday, and was greeted at Bristol by the Duke of Kent. At the end of his train journey he was met at the station by the King—the first time in history that an Ambassador has been met in this fashion by a British reigning monarch. Later, Mr. Winant was presented to the Queen, and also met the two Princesses. The new Ambassador lo[illegible] in getting down to wo[illegible] called at the American E[illegible] members of the staff there[illegible] effective. In the he was at work in earnest. [illegible]ed to a Casualty [illegible]), and General was the first to be take[illegible]diction over Ambassador at his desk.

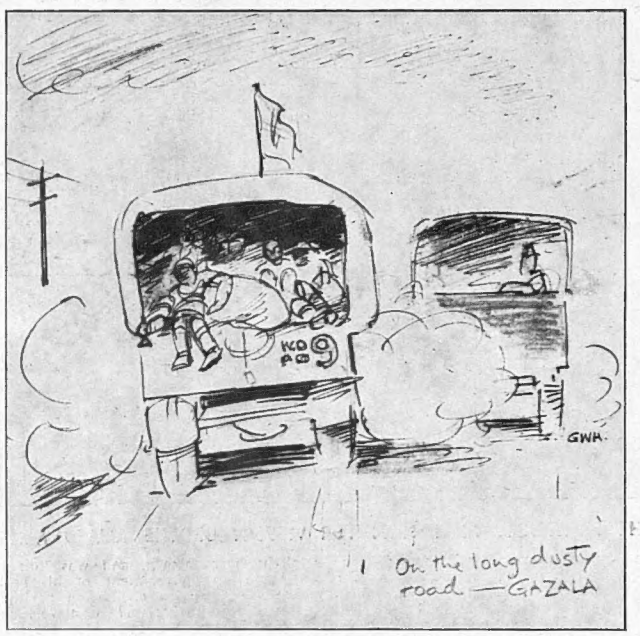
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

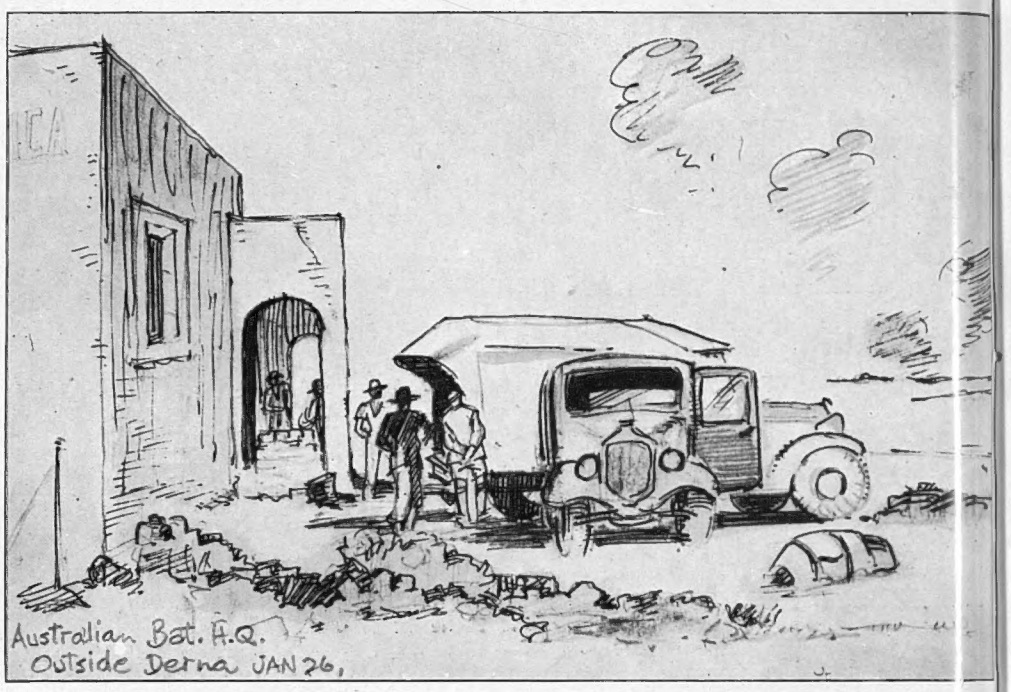
The First WAR SKETCHES from LIBYA

These Graphic Drawings are the Work of an "Unofficial" War Artist Serving with the Forces in the Western Desert. The Artist is an R.A.F. Flight - Lieutenant, and these Sketches Record his Impressions of the Fighting at Derna. They have Reached "The Sphere" through the Courtesy of the Ministry of Information

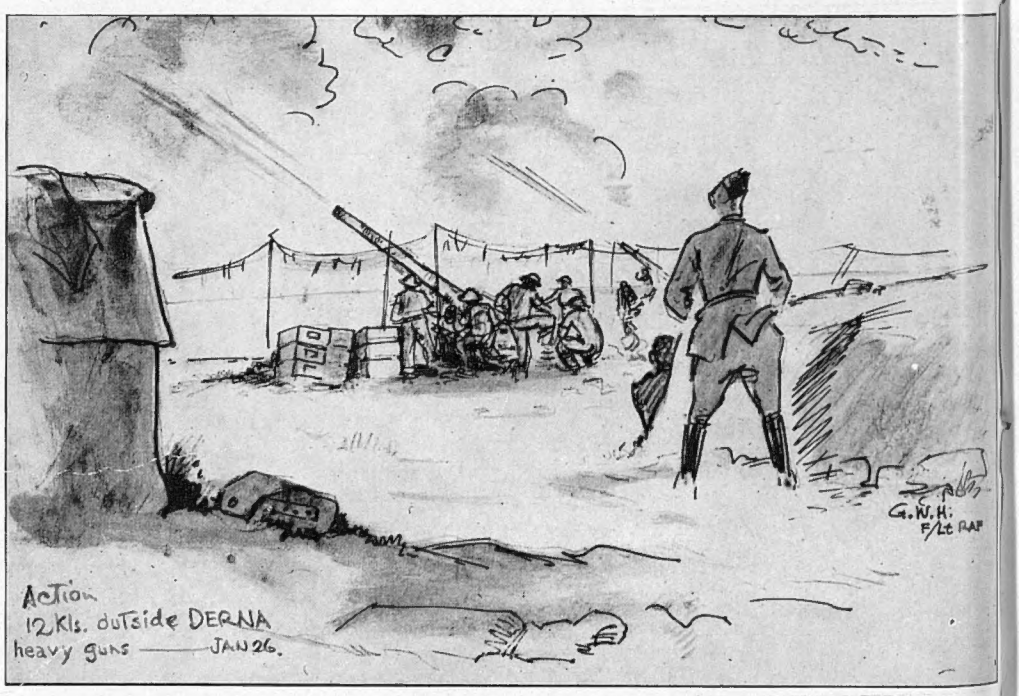
"GUNS BEING BROUGHT INTO POSITION SEVEN KILOMETRES OUTSIDE DERNA, JANUARY 26"



"ON THE LONG, DUSTY ROAD—GAZALA: A LORRY CONVOY MOVING UP INTO ACTION"



"AUSTRALIAN BATTALION HEADQUARTERS OUTSIDE DERNA"

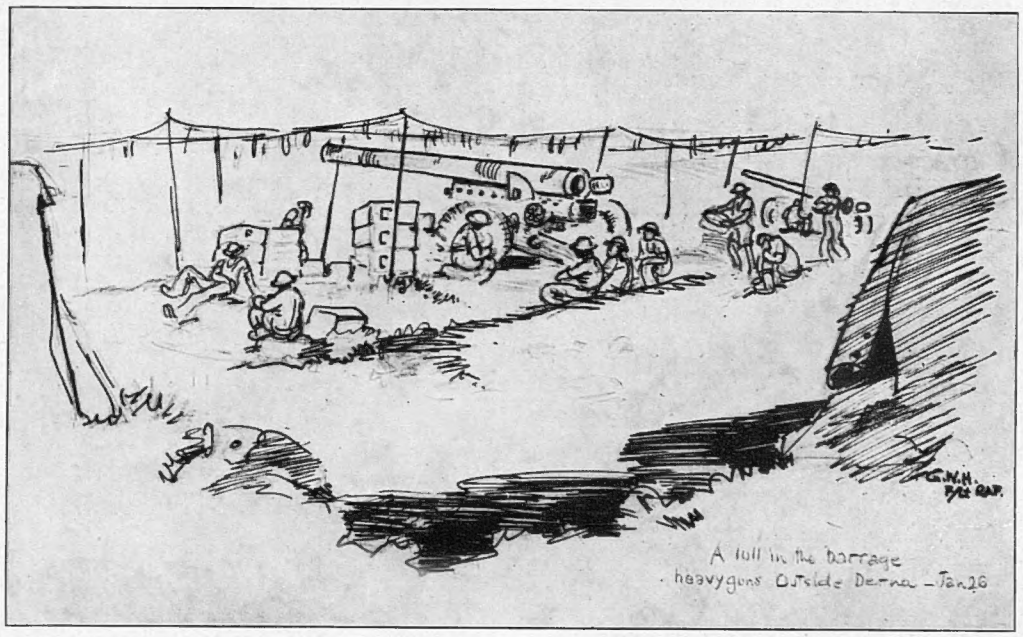


"HEAVY GUNS IN ACTION 12 KILOMETRES OUTSIDE DERNA"

On left—"AN AUSTRALIAN REGIMENTAL POLICE SERGEANT AT DERNA"

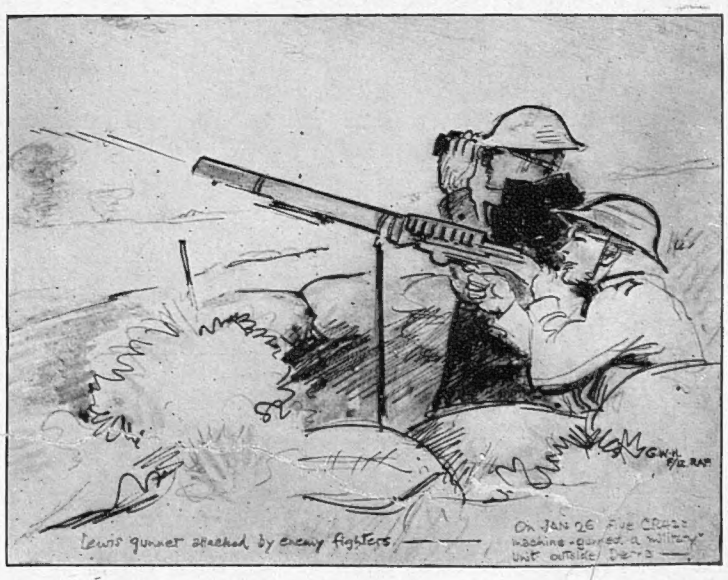
"OUTSIDE DERNA, JANUARY 26"—A drawing made in the field by a black-and-white artist, G. W. Houghton, who is now serving in the R.A.F. as a Flight-Lieutenant

Like all the sketches reproduced on these pages, this was made while under fire at Derna. It shows the three Italian forts, on the escarpment behind Derna aerodrome, which put up a stern resistance. A single column of infantry is filing off with machine-guns to make contact with the enemy in a wadi between the forts and the coast. They are passing one of the nineteen destroyed Italian aircraft left on Derna aerodrome, which the enemy evacuated a few hours previously. An aerial battle is in progress, and Italian bombers, which have just dropped a stick of bombs on the aerodrome, are returning to their base. The fighter escort have been attacked by Hurricanes. Five Italian aircraft were brought down on this occasion, and the R.A.F. suffered no casualties!



Above—
"A LULL IN THE BARRAGE: HEAVY GUNS OUTSIDE DERNA"

On left—
"TANKS, JANUARY 24"—
Typifying the weird attire and bristling beards of the wonderful tank personnel—the spearhead of the advance

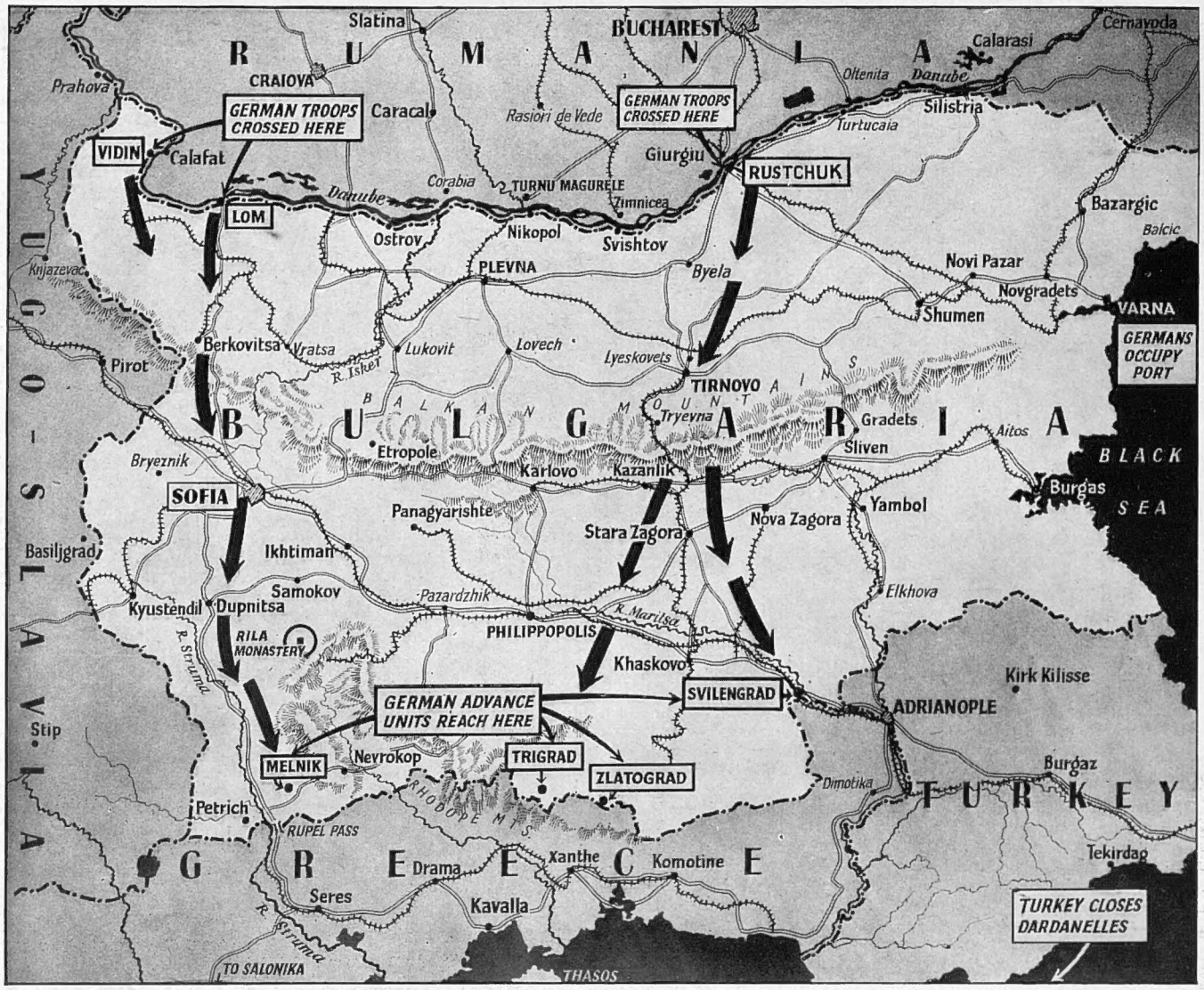


On right—
"LEWIS GUNNER ATTACKED BY ENEMY FIGHTERS": On January 26, five C.R.42's machine-gunned a military unit outside Derna

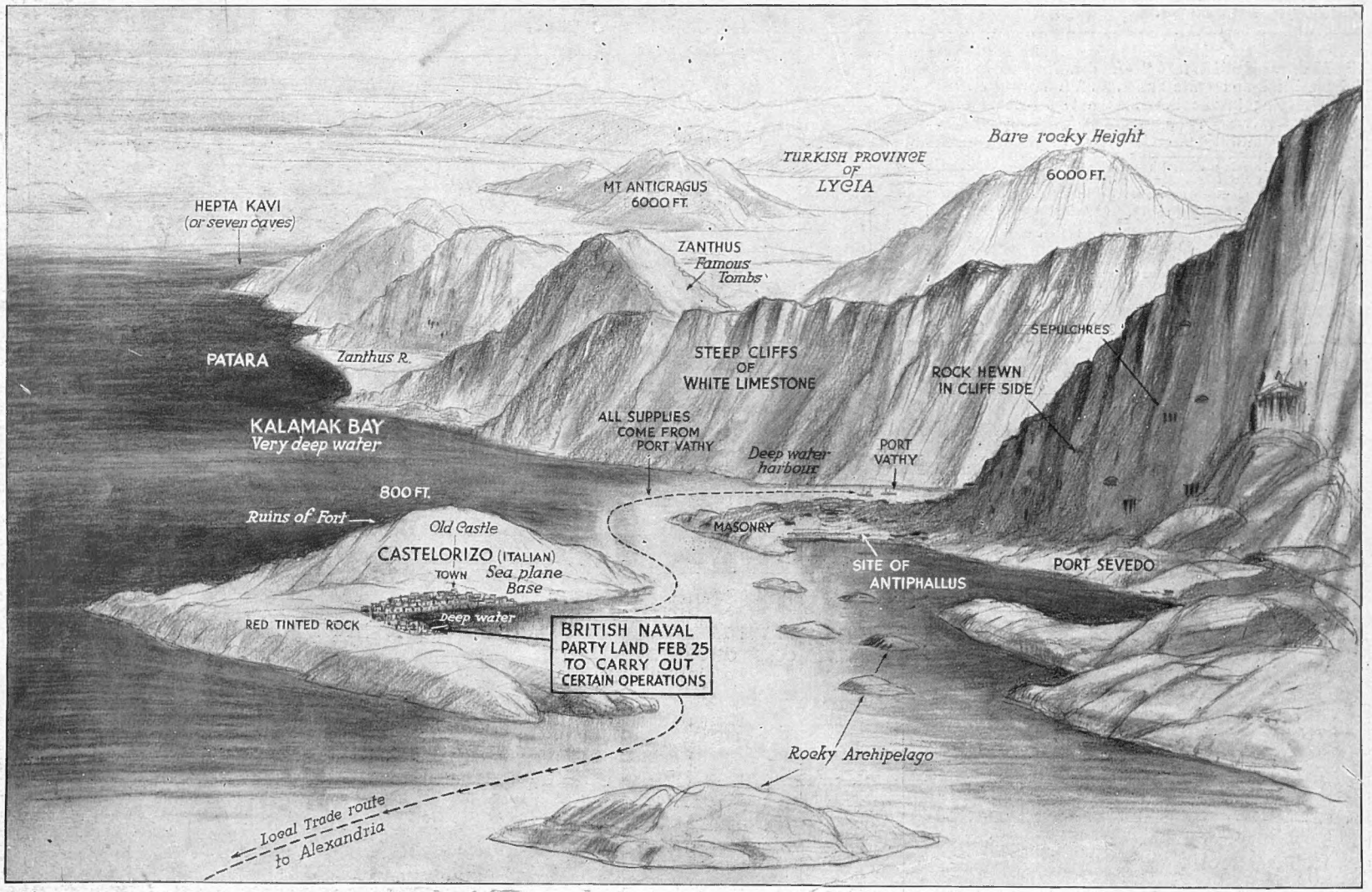
THE RENDING OF THE VEIL

The German Forces Cross the Danube and Advance to the Greek and Turkish Frontiers

During the opening days of March, under a smoke-screen of denials and vague reports, the German forces which had been massing in Rumania during February crossed the Danube at Vidin, Lom, and Rustchuk. One line of advance was by way of Sofia, but not actually passing through the capital of Bulgaria, on to the famous Rila Monastery, which was reported to have become the German headquarters ; thence to Melnik, a few miles north of the Greek frontier, and the famous Rupel Pass. Another line of advance, more to the east in this case, led from Rustchuk, on the Danube, to the picturesque old-world town of Tirnovo, Kazanlik, and through the Balkan gorges to Stara Zagora. Here one force seems to have bent to the west towards Trigrad and Zlatograd, on the Greek frontier, and another to the eastward by way of Svilengrad, on the Turkish frontier. On March 3 and 4 the German Army was evidently pouring troops along these lines ; according to a report from Sofia on March 4, from twelve to thirteen divisions crossed Bulgaria in cars and lorries towards the points indicated above



THE TWO MAIN LINES OF THE GERMAN ADVANCE THROUGH BULGARIA TO THE GREEK AND TURKISH FRONTIERS : The enemy's troops now stand at many points along Bulgaria's southern border directly threatening Greece



Drawing by Percy Home

THE BRITISH NAVY LANDS AT CASTELORIZO, an Italian seaplane base off the Turkish coast, and then withdraws after the completion of its mission

A small cutting-in operation of the Navy in the Eastern Mediterranean introduced a new and interesting area into the war news. Castelorizo, we were informed, had been visited by a naval landing-party, and after some skirmishing in the air and on the water, the party was duly landed and certain operations were carried out. These were doubtless in connection with the fact that the deep-water harbour of Castelorizo had been used as a seaplane base by the Italians for raids on Crete and Alexandria. The naval force was withdrawn when the operations had been completed. This was turned into an Italian victory by the Rome Press, who pictured a gallant relief-party recapturing the little island and making prisoner certain numbers of the landing-party, a nice little story, indicative of the great need of the Italian Press and radio for any kind of incident to which they could lend the colour of success. The island is situated a mile or two from a shore of fascinating interest to the antiquarian. The arm of the Turkish mainland which projects in front of Port Valhy is covered with the remains of an ancient city. A theatre and the masonry of the ancient quaysides testify to its former importance. The towering cliffs are studded with tombs cut from the living rock. In the valley just behind the steep cliffs of white limestone is the district famous for the Lycian or Zanthus tombs—unique stone sepulchres, often embellished with carved panels of great merit. It is to Port Vathy that Castelorizo has to look for all vital supplies—including water and fuel ; there is consequently a busy movement of local boats between the Turkish mainland and the Italian island. There was also a certain amount of trade with Alexandria. The harbour of Castelorizo or Castel-rosso, as it has sometimes been known, owing to the red tint of the rocks, boasts very deep water, so that craft can moor right up against the houses, which are built close upon the water's edge

THE WAR IN ITALIAN AFRICA

The Threefold Advance into Eritrea and the Campaign in Italian Somaliland: Descriptions of the Geographical Nature of the Country where the Fighting is Now Taking Place, by A. BEEBY THOMPSON

LIEUT.-GENERAL A. CUNNINGHAM, G.O.C. in East Africa, whose troops are advancing in Italian Somaliland, the capital of which, Mogadishu, was captured last week

BRIGADIER DAN PIENAAR, Commanding the South African Forces operating from Kenya into Southern Abyssinia. He has just been awarded the D.S.O. for his brilliant leadership in the field

THE threefold advance of our Sudan forces into Eritrea from Gallabat, Kassala, and the Red Sea coast strikes at important objectives which, when taken, will throw the enemy into utter confusion. In each case our troops enter very different types of country and will be faced with less exacting climatic conditions as high ground is reached and water becomes more plentiful.

The almost unnoticed and unheeded occupation by Italy of the Red Sea coast of Africa commenced by the establishment of a coaling station in the '80's at Assab and was followed by the formal and unopposed annexation of Massawa and other places in 1890. These coastal acquisitions were eventually unified into what is now known as Eritrea, but war with Abyssinia for a long time impeded inland development, and the signal defeat of the Italians at Adowa led to no immediate reprisals or efforts to retrieve their fortunes, due mainly to discontent at home with the policy of expansion. Indeed, it was only the fear of loss of prestige that prevented the total evacuation of the country. The Italian-Turkish conflict in 1911-12, which resulted in the occupation of Tripoli and Cyrenaica and the Dodecanese, led to renewed interest in a Colonial Empire, especially as the war was largely won by Eritrean Askaris, who proved to be loyal and valiant fighters even against peoples of their own religion. Eritrea has an area of about 120,000 square kilometres, and its population is very little more than that of British Somaliland—namely, 400,000. The construction of a railway from Massawa to Asmara, where a fine hill station was built at 8,000 ft., was the first of a series of economic developments upon which the Italian Government freely lavished expenditure. The extension of the line first to Agordat and then to Keren and Biscia beyond opened up a large area of country climatically suitable for healthy settlement by Europeans, for on these highlands apples and other soft fruits and vegetables grew with ease.

About this time the attractions of Italian Somaliland were considered to offer better prospects for orderly reclamation, and irrigation of fertile lands and development here for a time distracted attention from Eritrea. It was, however, upon Abyssinia that Italian designs were aimed, and petty frontier disputes were used as a pretext for aggressive action. Nor were the ambitions of the Italians satisfied by the eventual conquest of Abyssinia with the aid of gas, never before employed against native African races, for they caused considerable bad feeling by sowing discord with the Imman of the Yemen. An infiltration of Italians into Arabia, where we had so long maintained friendly relations with ruling Princes and chiefs, soon led to boundary disputes and unwarranted suspicions. For years past the Aden authorities have maintained peaceful relations with warlike and independent Arabian chieftains and had managed to suppress the slave trade without causing any serious repercussions.

Nothing but sympathetic treatment has been shown by the British authorities in the pacification and development of Eritrea, whose good roads have been constructed, ports made and public works undertaken. Doubtless some resentment has been felt that the Sudan should benefit so markedly by water derived from rainfall in Eritrea and Abyssinia. Not only do the great cotton belts of Kassala and Tokar depend entirely upon water carried from the highlands of Eritrea around Agordat and Keren, but Egypt itself depends almost exclusively upon the floods from Abyssinia via the Blue Nile and Atbara. The Gash, which waters the Kassala dry delta, rises south of Keren, and the Baraka, which floods the Tokar delta, has its source near Agordat, upon the banks of which water-course the town lies. At Tessenei, in the Gash, the Italians constructed a dam which deflects part of the Gash flood, but the project was the subject of friendly negotiations with the British, who recognised the claims of our Italian neighbours and agreed an amicable settlement.

On the Eritrean highlands rainfall is heavy, and broad plains and plateaux furnish plenty of good ground for organised irrigation. Near Asmara reservoirs have been constructed for conserving water, and from one a pipe-line conducting water to turbines 3,000 ft. below furnishes Asmara with its power and light. Scenery and climate in Eritrea vary with the elevation and contours of the ground. Parts are heavily wooded and the valleys of those rivers carrying perennial water support a rank vegetation. On the more rugged parts cactus, euphorbia, box and suchlike plants put in an appearance.

The coastal belt along which our Army is advancing is fearfully hot and humid, temperatures at times reaching 116 deg. Fah.

This coast of Mersas and Rases (anchorages and headlands) has been the scene of many past stirring military exploits. In former days Suakin was the town from which most military ventures were launched against rebelling tribes and it was the valorous and picturesque nomadic "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," the bushy-headed Hadendaua, who fought so valiantly with spears and swords against well-armed invading forces. The abandonment of Suakin was a misfortune enforced by the need for a better harbour to deal with the increasing trade that resulted upon the construction of a new port, previously approved by Lord Kitchener, some thirty miles northwards, where large vessels could be safely berthed within a protective belt of coral reefs. The coastal road runs along broad maritime plains within sight of the sea on the east and in full view of a high range of rugged mountains on the western side, capped by the 5,000-ft. hill station of Erkowit. Except where embayments have led to

(Continued on following page)

THE EXTREMELY RAPID ADVANCE OF THE IMPERIAL FORCES IN JUBALAND: During the month of February, operations in Italian Somaliland proceeded at such a pace that it was not always easy to follow the exact significance of each successful move as it was reported in the special communiqués. The above map shows the territory in which the operations have taken place. The drive began to take serious shape with the occupation of Afmadu, where the forces split into two columns, one moving south to Kismayu and another pressing on to the River Juba, which was crossed in two places. Arrived on the east bank, the two columns pressed on together. Brava was entered on February 24, and the next day Mogadishu, the capital, fell into Imperial hands. *On left*—At the same time an advance was taking place from the north—along the Red Sea into Eritrea—and a satisfactory advance was made by way of Karora to Nacfa. This advance was obviously making the Italian position at Keren more precarious

BRITAIN'S FORMER BASE TO THE NORTH OF ERITREA: THE WONDERFULLY PICTURESQUE TOWN OF SUAKIN (WITH A PATROLLING FORCE OF THE R.A.F. OVERHEAD)

Suakin is a miniature replica of Jeddah, which is nearly opposite on the Arabian coast. Tightly packed on a circular coral island, connected to the mainland by a causeway, is a perfect labyrinth of multi-storied flat-roofed buildings, amidst which meander narrow streets almost closed overhead by protruding balconies. Here Lord Kitchener lived for a time; the port was superseded by the new Port Sudan, some 30 miles to the northward, which is now of far greater importance than Suakin

THE ADVANCE OF THE RED SEA FORCES TOOK THEM ACROSS THE BARAKA RIVER

Here, looking south, are the Eritrean frontier hills, seen across the shallow bed of the Baraka river near Temerein, where it begins to spread out into the fan-shaped delta which extends to the Red Sea. Part of the river-bed is used as a dura (millet) plantation

TOKAR, THE STRANGE LITTLE TOWN HALF-BURIED IN DRIFTS OF SILT

For months at a time during each year the town of Tokar, which lies on the route of the British Imperial Forces on their way to Northern Eritrea is half-buried in silt blown up by furious gales; only those remain within its inhospitable walls who must. *On right*—The Baraka, fed by waters from the mountains near Agordat, for certain seasons of the year provides wide areas of silt on which dura (millet) is grown. The banks are lined with dense masses of feathery tamarisk

The WAR in ITALIAN AFRICA

—continued

CAPTURED IN THE EAST AFRICAN CAMPAIGN: Italian prisoners, taken by the South African Air Force in recent operations, playing draughts and dominoes in their internment camp

(Article continued from preceding page)

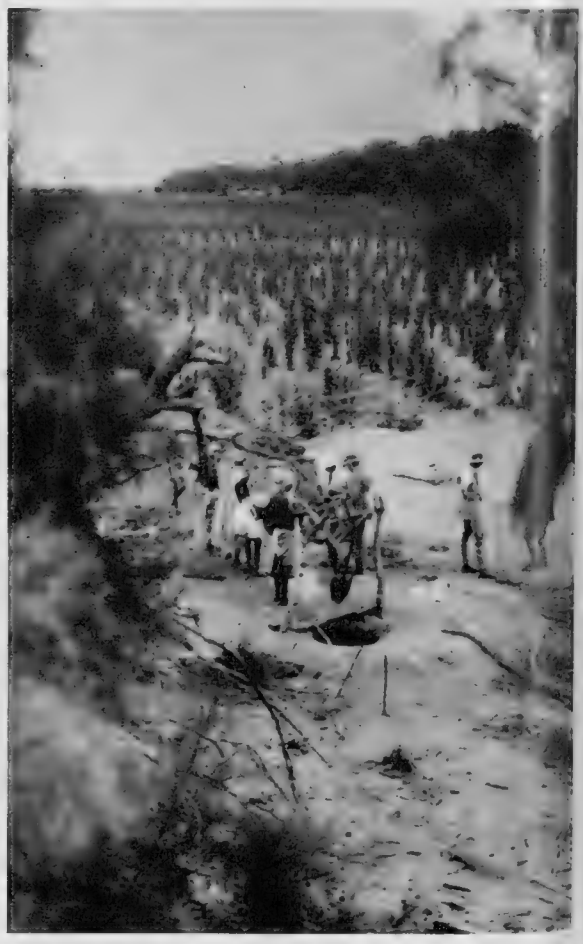
stretches of mud-flats or sweeps of fossil coral reefs or sand-dunes put in an appearance, the road crosses alluvial or sandy plains sloping seaward from the mountains.

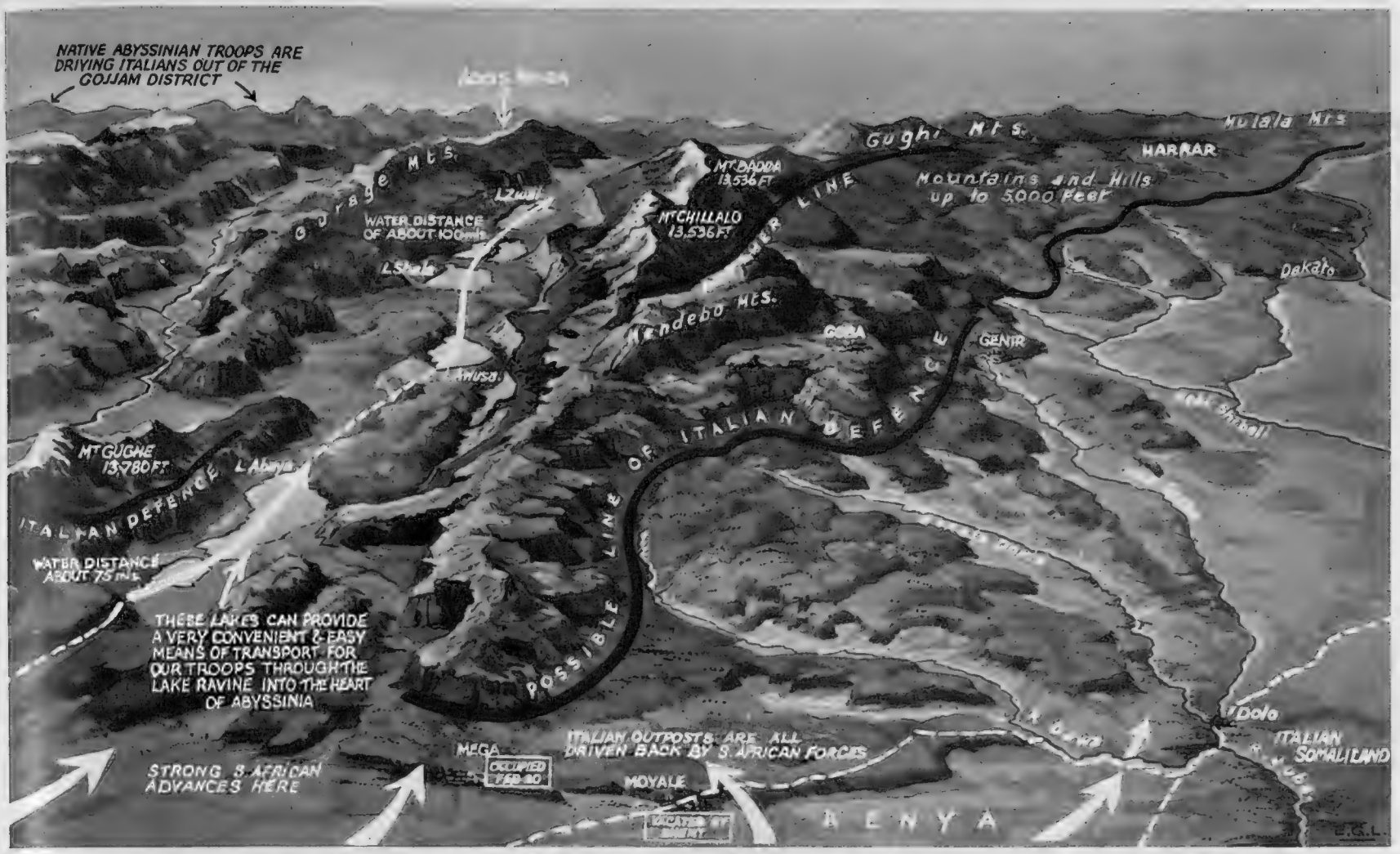
Having surmounted a belt of travelling crescentic sand-dunes after much shoving and low-gear work, following a fifty-mile run from Suakin, the flat flood delta of the Baraka is reached and a further few miles carries us to Tokar. Sufficient water reaches this dry delta in July, August and September to saturate some 50,000 to 100,000 acres of fertile soil, on which long, staple cotton of high quality is grown under the guidance of agricultural experts. A £1,000,000 crop naturally attracts cultivators, traders and dealers and the population in the crop-season may reach 30,000 people, but once the harvest is reaped and the hot weather sets in, this delta is daily swept by winds of such force that not only is the silt raised in dense clouds, but the soil is furrowed to a depth of several feet, the surface resembling a rough sea.

The Tokar dust is carried far out to sea, where it forms a mist that complicates navigation and it is freely deposited on vessels far from the shore.

A light railway runs from Tokar to the little port of Trinkitat, where the cotton is shipped in craft which sail on the calm waters inside the coral reefs to Port Sudan. The railway passes El Tab, where an Egyptian force under Baker (brother of Sir Samuel Baker) was practically annihilated in 1884 by the "Fuzzy Wuzzies."

South of the Tokar dust-bowl pleasant grassy plains extending as far as the Eritrean foothills provide nutritious grazing for large herds of cattle and camels and great numbers of gazelle and antelope. The little post of Akik was a favourite anchorage for yachts owned by wealthy sportsmen who hunted ibex and other game in the Eritrean hills beyond Korora. The unsophisticated inhabitants of this remote village were so shocked by the sight of lightly-clad damsels from Europe displaying bare limbs that the heavily-veiled women, with black trailing gowns, fled in simulated horror from them.





THE BRITISH ADVANCES INTO ITALIAN SOMALILAND FROM KENYA

The territory into which the South African Forces have been pressing since the beginning of the present month offers several lines of natural defence, upon which a stubborn resistance might be put up, if the Italians so willed. The outer line ran from north of Mega in the direction of Genir, another shorter line ran in front of Mt. Gughe, 13,700 ft., and in the background another mass of rising ground, with big peaks of over 13,000 ft., suggested another area of resistance. The defenders would have to make sure that the mouth of the great rift to the west, with its string of lakes, was effectively held, for once penetrated, an advance might be made rapidly by an invading force using boats suitable for portage

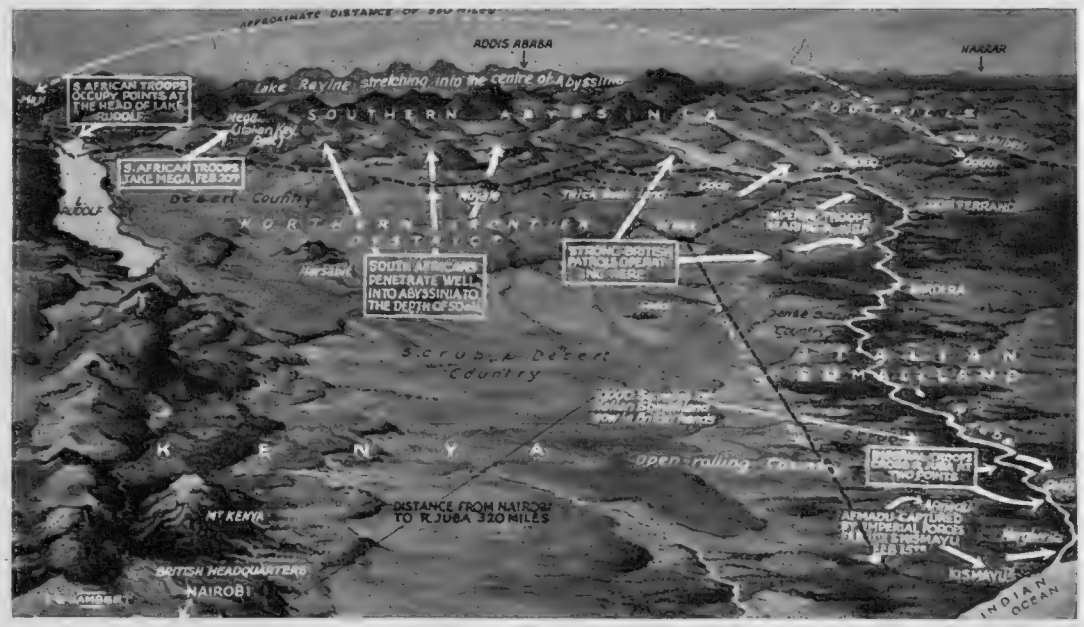
The CONQUEST of SOMALILAND

AFTER just one month's fighting the Union Jack floated from Italian flagstaffs all over the region of Italian Somaliland, from the Kenya frontier to Mogadishu, the capital city. The story of the various actions which have taken place during this stirring month may be traced back to the crossing of the frontier at Liboy on January 24, followed by advances to Haweina on January 27 and the occupation of Beles Gugani on February 4. The first serious action occurred with the capture of Afmadu, a hundred miles from the border on February 11.

The next position captured was the busy port and market town of Kismayu, which was also defended with a deep belt of wire in addition to tank traps. By this time the Imperial troops had advanced 200 miles. At the same time, troops were advancing steadily to the banks of the Juba river, which turns and twists in astounding fashion between thickly-wooded banks. This natural obstacle had to be crossed in the face of considerable opposition, and at the point where the principal action took place the river splits in two.

Gradually the whole of the territory up to the line of the River Juba was cleared, the crossing of the river being effected on February 20, in spite of treacherous currents and vigorous resistance by the enemy. Six hundred prisoners were captured at Mega.

The capture of Jumbo opened up a road along the coast to Brava and Mogadishu. But before full advantage of this could be taken, some hot fighting had taken place on and around Gobwen aerodrome. Brava was captured on February 24, after a party of enemy troops had been rounded up in the bush. Then, a day later, Mogadishu the capital city of Italian Somaliland, fell into our hands.



A SUDDEN CHANGE OF TERRAIN FOR THE SOUTH AFRICAN FIGHTERS: For several months the South African troops have been persistently clearing a large area of some 10,000 square miles of enemy posts. The vast majority of this is level grass and scrub country—hot and dusty in the dry season. Across the Abyssinian border a series of escarpments and rugged hills over 13,000 ft. above sea-level rise one above the other

TYPICAL RIVER SCENERY IN THE FIGHTING AREA: This bend of the Dana river, with its luxuriant but narrow fringe of trees and bush, is characteristic of all the rivers within the present fighting area in N.-E. Africa. *On left*—An overhead view of the busy city of Mogadishu. Although full of a number of modern big white Government buildings erected by the Italians, the city dates from Arab days. The inhabitants number some 50,000, of whom a large proportion are Italians

1911 : After the historic Sidney Street siege, Mr. Churchill (then Home Secretary) enters the witness-box to give his evidence concerning that amazing affair

The CHURCHILL THEORIES of WARFARE

The Premier's Own Ideas on the Art of Waging War, as Expounded in His Own Writings, are here Summarised

By FERDINAND TUOHY

1914 : During the 1914 Army crisis, Mr. Churchill crosses the Horse Guards for a critical Cabinet meeting

1914 : As First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Churchill on his way to attend a fateful Cabinet meeting on Sunday, August 2, 1914

"THEN surely it is time to consider whether the downfall of your strongest foe cannot be accomplished through the ruin of his weakest ally; and in this connection, a host of political, economic and geographical advantages may arise and play their part in the argument."

What the forty-year-old Winston Churchill pleaded for in vain, the sixty-six-year-old leader of a nation at bitterest war is carrying into practice. For the Turkey of 1915 substitute the Italy of 1941.

Some may find it rather a strain to read of the last war in the middle of this one. Yet those who persevere should find ample reward in their being able to enter a little into the mind of Mr. Churchill at war to-day.

The Prime Minister has no illusions concerning the pitfalls that surround a Prime Minister at war. Having watched affairs working with an Asquith, and even with a Lloyd George, he is forearmed. Anybody who thinks he can get away with respectful smiling, with smooth processes and with keeping things from the chief because they might worry him, is in for a most rude awakening. The over-sanguine Premier is a danger to the State, and out go all who conduce to that condition.

Britain's leader sees politics and strategy as one at the summit. In Downing Street there can and should be in wartime a blending of the political and the military mind. If the civilian statesman succeeds in manœuvring an ally into the field, that is just as great a service as winning a big battle. Conversely, the manœuvre which gains an important strategic point may be less useful than that which quietens a fractious neutral.

Mr. Churchill would be the first to admit that in the conduct of events he is better placed than ever was an Asquith or a Lloyd George, each of whom had to contend with "allied diplomacy moving ponderously forward, every telegram and measure having to be agreed to by all the other parties to the alliance." Compared with that, a singularly clear field offers to-day: very few bunkers, although, of course, the field is a much sterner one *solo*, or almost.

What constitute fundamentals of Mr. Churchill's setting about war? I have thought them to be: imagination; rigid integrity of mind in all situations—as in immediate cutting of losses; no attempting of battles with any other purpose than that of winning them; absolute, complete preparation for anything one tries to do; the searching of every shelf beforehand in laboratory as in factory.

Battles under Churchill will be as merciful to his side as battles well can be. In contemplating their sons in uniform to-day, those of a former war can rest assured of that. As we face Germans from North Cape to Spain, there are some who visualise future massive Continental attacks by us. Without even approaching prophecy, and without challenging the assumption that ours must be an offensive war as long as we can keep it so, there is not the slightest prospect of a return to wide battles of hammering and "dogged perseverance," so often just camouflage for obstinate clinging to a dud show. A Churchill, 1941 vintage, will obstinately cling to nothing unless he sees it is going to bring him a return.

No more bankrupt attrition which he showed up in such memorable manner; no more vast battles of exhaustion which are not really battles at all, a battle connoting a climax; never again anything distantly resembling "the blood test of the Somme," erected on a faulty, over-optimistic Intelligence, as Mr. Churchill says, and I was one of those at G. H. Q. encouraged to be over-optimistic. If battle indubitably fascinates our chief who hopped over to every battle he could in France, he loathes and detests the mass killing of men, and will only sanction heavy losses when the imaginative and creative mind has worked the human limit to avoid them in quest of great results.

Here seem to be the principal ingredients of Churchillian battle:

Character and text-books are all very well up to a point. But the successful use of force demands to be regulated by other and more powerful factors. Craft and foresight are imperative, together with a deep grasp of the verities, general as well as local. And one should go all out on stratagem, manœuvre, and device. One thinks of Wavell on hearing that in the greatest battles of manœuvre "very often the enemy has found himself defeated by some novel expedient or device, some queer, swift, unexpected thrust or stratagem. In many such battles the losses of the victors have been small."

A battle means bringing together all one's resources to the end that they may be concentrated on the enemy in a single episode. The route to success lies with scale and intensity operating inside a limited period. Rapidity and intensity at the outset are essentials. Brevity and finality are the aim. "Run greater risks for a shorter time," says Churchill, who admires Napoleon as, before his battles, that great captain lays hold of every man and stick within reach, "content with nothing but the absolute maximum which human power can command," and then is quite ready to accept risks at points away from his assault.

1915 : Addressing workers at the opening of a new Y.M.C.A. hostel for munition workers at Enfield

1915 : With Mr. Lloyd George in October of that year. Later Mr. Churchill became Minister of Munitions

But the greatest thing of all is to achieve surprise. No one has had greater experience of the mechanical possibilities of war than Mr. Churchill, as none living has had more opportunity to study at first-hand the forces that govern a battle. Novelty and surprise are his darlings. Every offensive in France in the last war until well on into 1918 he wanted either to prevent before it started, or to call off after a brief experience had showed its sanguinary futility. And the point is that his views are all there in memoranda written at the time.

Haig had the numbers and the munitions (though not for four months of what followed). He had no surprise whatsoever, and his mechanical marvel he uncovered to the enemy when it was just a pigmy—the tank.

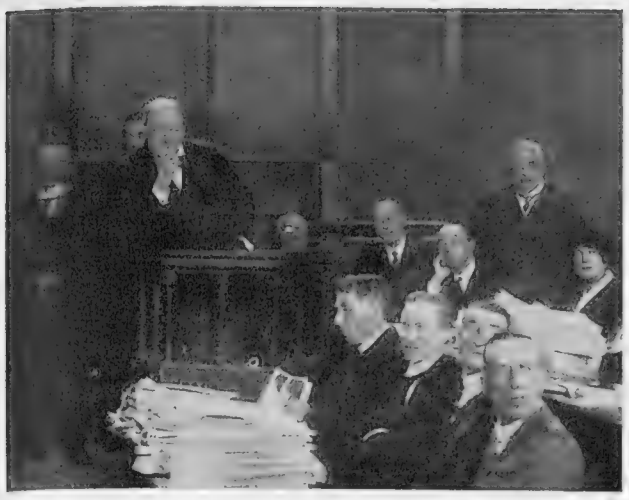
One can feel even at this time of day Mr. Churchill suffering almost physically at the way the tank was first pooh-poohed, then recklessly given away; after that, used impossibly. He worshipped the tank; saw in it the magic card to swift victory, the one weapon of victorious surprise. Yet, when at last the tanks were vindicated at Cambrai, no arrangements had been made to follow them up.

Ever since 1915 Mr. Churchill had wanted the steady manufacture of tanks for simultaneous and virgin use in mass at several points in 1917. He is insistent that this was perfectly feasible and infers that not only might the war have been won outright thereby, but with the saving of hundreds of thousands of British lives. When it was objected that if we sought to pile the tanks up to such extent the enemy would assuredly get wind of our weapon, its construction and preparation, the younger Churchill replied that if the Headquarters Staff expended one-tenth the effort they put into preparing old, out-of-date offensives, or one-twentieth the influence they employed to compel reluctant Ministers to sanction these offensives, any and every problem could be swimmingly surmounted.

None of this is recorded with the object of showing how right the Premier was long ago over vital matters. Its purpose is purely to affirm that if any new weapons come our way this time they will be properly nsed and that the new inventions and the new chances are quite certainly being snapped up and fostered.

In Mr. Churchill's view, "the Goddess Surprise" becomes harder to woo successfully with each fresh man and gun you add. His dream is of a perfectly-poised and equipped force with which to execute swift, incisive strokes. It is obvious that the great, cumbersome Army based on man-power graphs does not interest him. Just as the surprise weapon is to be held above diamonds and rubies, so should "the power of the unexpected" be cultivated on every possible occasion. In one of his memoranda to Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Churchill gave a startling example of what he meant. As everyone knows, his policy, amounting to a passion, was to go all out at the Dardanelles while leaving the Western Front alone until the Allies had "saved up" sufficient strength—and tanks—for one colossal offensive there. But how many realise even now that Mr. Churchill so clung to his Gallipoli that he wanted to go back there again in 1916? Impossible! The Turks and Germans were well aware that the British Cabinet would never even consider such an idea.

"Good!" (argued the Churchill of that day). "That is the very reason we should try it! The more morally ruled out a military operation is, the more chance it should have of success if it is at all possible



1919: In the witness-box at the Tank Enquiry held at Lincoln's Inn in October 1919, nearly a year after the Armistice

1926: After receiving an honorary LL.D. at Queen's University, Belfast; wearing a "Paddy" hat with a clay pipe

on the practical plane. This return to the Dardanelles *is* possible. We are lying within thirty-six hours of whatever landing places we care to select. Surprise—we have that sovereign talisman of war within our grasp. In its ultimate expression, surprise springs from doing the one thing the enemy is sure you will never try."

Admitted, that was a terrific thing to ask within six months of the withdrawal from Gallipoli. Yet who is going to deny that it might not have been brilliantly rewarded or that it was perfectly sound war-waging? Once again it is comforting to know that we have in charge to-day a man of such courage of mind.

Or had he finished with that part of the world, even after this further rebuff. In 1917, when things were at their stickiest in France and when there was no valid reason to expect such Allenby victories as occurred later in the year in Palestine, he urged that a force of six divisions should be landed in rear of the Turkish armies in Syria, thus causing Jemal Pasha to surrender. The project travelled to the extent that Smuts very nearly took the command, but in the end the Government shied. And yet, had the landing been effected, most of the Allied troops in Syria and Palestine, including Allenby's, would have been available to stem the assault on the Fifth Army in March 1918, or for an Italian front.

Mr. Churchill wanted these, and other, vast things, but he never wanted any of them without full preparation and pulling together by all concerned, and these he never could get. Early on he wanted to seize the island of Borkum. Why? In order either to block in the German Fleet or bring it out to battle (his own words). While Fisher dreamt of an entry into the Baltic and a linking-up with Russia, his young chief said, "All right, but first let's take that stepping-stone, Borkum." This young chief also swore by digging-in at Antwerp. Why? Because he found it to be the true left flank of the Allied front in the west, threatening both flanks and rear of the German armies in France.

I remember in dispatches at the time sticking up for the Antwerp Expedition, not for any reasons of profound strategy, but because I felt that unless Allied uniforms were soon more visible in Belgium, the Belgians would give in. I used to wear a Red Cross khaki affair, and how many times was I accosted with a despairing "*enfin les Anglais!*" But the point is that just at that moment Mr. Churchill, going widely outside his province as First Lord, sent a small force of Marines in motor-buses to the Tournai-Lille area with no other object than to show the uniform, thereby bucking up the Belgians *and* deceiving enemy agents.

As for resource, one likes immensely his crashing into Asquith and Kitchener to get them, at a terrible Dardanelles moment, to send three special trains of high-explosives by the overland route *via* Marseilles! Crazy? At first they reckoned so. Yet the same evening "K." announced he had done it. Or, again, take that dinner-party to Steel King Schwab, which resulted in twenty-four submarines being built in six months, and in guns and turrets for the great new monitors being removed from vessels building over there for South America. Just the accident of an evening! Let us hope resembling "accidents" are occurring in this war.

Of special interest to-day is the Churchillian doctrine of amphibious warfare, as he worked it out in the throes "last time." It just drove him wild that the strategists of an island people blessed with Sea Power so failed to turn this offensively to account.

January, 1940: Mr. Churchill (then First Lord of the Admiralty, under Mr. Neville Chamberlain) at British Headquarters in France. With him is General Georges, of the French Army

1941: The Prime Minister to-day, in the full vigour of maturity, with Mrs. Churchill, to whom he was married in 1908 when he was thirty-four years of age

The success of amphibious descents depends upon superior forces being borne to the spot in time, and of on these forces being thereafter continually reinforced more quickly than the enemy. Here the defenders are at a big disadvantage. Even when an expedition has sailed, the enemy cannot say for certain where it is headed. The amphibious assailants can have alternative landings in mind; they can feint and deceive; even change. The defenders can do nothing but wait until they are attacked. Only then can they begin transporting forces to the scene of attack. And that is a long business with the armies of to-day, and during its progress what may not the invaders achieve in the way of overrunning territory, occupying important points, destroying men and supplies? All this Mr. Churchill insists we could have done in the summer of 1915.

Well, who knows but that it may lie in our power again to do it this year or in 1942? And with the R.A.F. joining the amphibians, and with Germany spread out from the Arctic almost to the Tropics.

I have space only for three further Churchill beliefs having direct bearing on the present moment.

The Premier does not believe in doing an unwise, costly and weakening act in order to bring succour to an ally. He believes that any temporary aid thus brought is liable to be paid for doubly by the aided one. He declines to attack only to be defeated.

Secondly, our chief considers that the enemy made his prime and fatal miscalculation last time in failing to grasp the meaning of war with America. The German High Command went on material factors only, and to do that is asking for trouble. Mr. Churchill, half-American himself, observed 120,000,000 people over there, mostly educated and equipped with science and boundless resources in a (then) unattackable continent. He visualised a New World, fresh and on tiptoe, unfurling its standards to confront an army already weighed down by four years' fighting. He thinks the coming of the Yanks demoralised the German forces more than any other factor, and, if I may intrude a comment, it is to state my conviction that the same is eventually likely again.

It is interesting in this connection to note that the younger Churchill and his friends never thought the Germans would fight it out once they realised that they had no hope of winning. Once before they quitted at Jena, and Mr. Churchill always reckoned that it would be "Jena" again.

And now a quotation from *Hansard*:

"In this war the tendencies are far more important than the episodes. It is not necessary for us in order to win the war to push the German lines back all over the territory they have absorbed, or to pierce them. While the German lines extend far beyond her frontiers, and while her flag flies over conquered capitals and subjugated provinces, while all the appearance of military success attend her arms, Germany may be defeated more fatally in the second or third year of the war than if the Allied Armies had entered Berlin in the first.

"It is no doubt disconcerting for us to observe that the Government of a State like Bulgaria are convinced on an impartial survey of the chances that victory will rest with the Central Powers. All the small States are hypnotised by German military pomp and precision. They see the glitter, the episode, but they do not see or realise the capacity of the ancient and mighty nations to endure adversity, to put up with disappointments and mismanagement, to recreate and renew their strength, and to pass on with boundless obstinacy through boundless sacrifices to the achievement of their cause."

Winston Churchill's resignation speech in Nov. 1915.

THE RT. HON. WINSTON LEONARD SPENCER CHURCHILL, PRIME MINISTER, FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY, AND MINISTER OF DEFENCE SINCE 1940, AT HOME IN HIS STUDY AT CHARTWELL, WESTERHAM

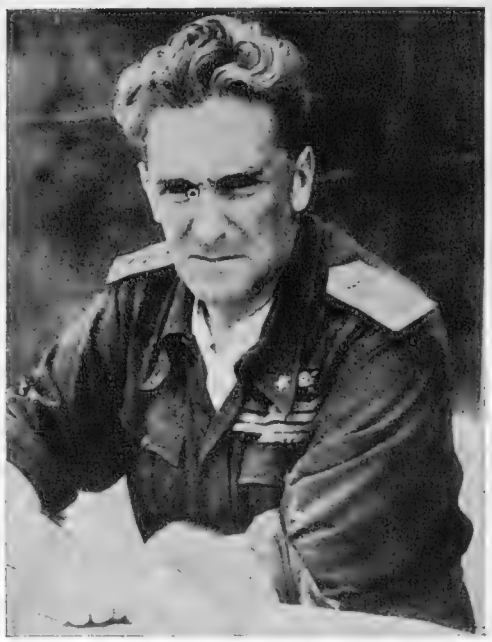
AN ATTACK ON AN ITALIAN FORT BY IMPERIAL FORCES : This fort was one of the key points of the town of Derna ; the infantry taking part can be seen crossing the vital area in front of the position. Neither the fire of the defenders nor the barbed-wire entanglements erected by the Italians were able to stop the attackers in the final assault

MEN OF A MACHINE-GUN BATTALION IN ACTION BEFORE DERNA : The capture of the town was effected even whilst other troops were already on their way to capture the Cyrenaican capital. Derna fell very quickly into our hands

HOW THOROUGH WAS THE BRITISH BOMBARDMENT IS DEMONSTRATED BY THIS VIEW : It shows an Italian barracks in the town which was so successfully bombed that it was razed to the ground. Only the concrete support posts were left standing

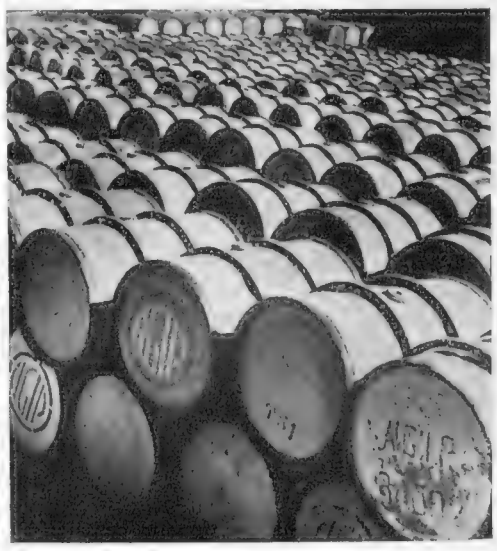
A PROSPECT OF THE PROMISED LAND : A British officer reconnoitring the ground over which his troops were soon to advance observes conditions in the town and port of Derna

MORE SIDELIGHTS FROM LIBYA



THE MAN WHO MUFFED IT : It has been reported that Marshal Graziani, Italian Commander-in-Chief in Libya (of whom nothing had been heard since he was reported to have been dismissed in January), has been under house arrest in Rome. His presence in the Italian capital was kept a close secret. His arrest followed a stormy scene at a meeting of the Fascist Supreme War Council, so it is stated, when Graziani denounced Mussolini for causing the collapse of the Italian forces in Libya. This report has been denied from Rome; which does not, necessarily, mean that it is not true !

THE AUSTRALIAN PREMIER, Mr. R. G. Menzies, chatting to an Australian officer at Benghazi. The Premier arrived in Britain before this picture !



WHAT THE ITALIANS LEFT BEHIND : This is only a part of a huge petrol and oil dump at Derna which was captured intact when our troops entered the town. No attempt had apparently been made to fire it

CYRENE, 600 B.C.—*The Temple of Artemis : on the left the Statue of Athena, and on the right the Tomb and Altar to the young god Apis—a Reconstruction of the heart of the Roman Colony at Cyrene by William Walcot*

THE RISE AND FALL OF ROME'S AFRICAN EMPIRE

In Past Epochs the Roman Empire, in full Glory, Extended along the whole North African Coast : Its Re-creation was Mussolini's Dream. With the Whole of Cyrenaica Gone this Dream has now Completely Vanished

By C. M. FRANZERO

(*Formerly London correspondent of the* Giornale d'Italia)

THE rapid defeats of Mussolini's armies in Africa are carrying the Imperial Army of the Nile through lands and ports and cities which unfold the fascinating tale of the wars waged by ancient Rome against Carthage for the control of North Africa ; and the names of the cities now occupied by the Australian troops still recall their millenarian fame : Cyrene, Ptolemais, Apollonia, Barca, Leptis Magna. . . .

It is interesting to note that Rome, which extended her conquests so far in the North of Europe and in the East, limited her expansion in Africa to a rather narrow belt along the North African coast. On the other hand, the African Empire of Rome lasted far longer than the memory of Sawdust Cæsar Mussolini will survive, for it lasted the astonishing span of nearly seven centuries.

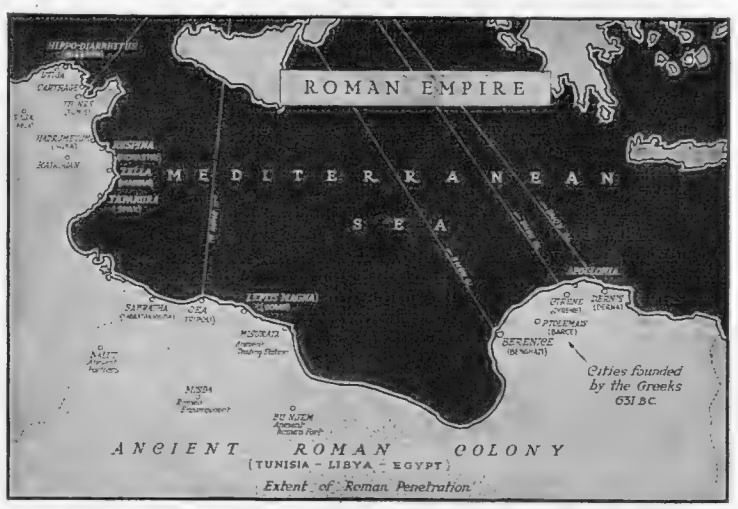
There was nothing original in Mussolini's claim to the *Mare Nostrum*, for the designation was Rome's ; the difference between ancient and Fascist Rome is to be found, however, in the capacity to make the Mediterranean a *Mare Nostrum* for Italy : and Mussolini knew what Rome had realised twenty-two centuries before him, that the Mediterranean would not be safe for Italy if Rome did not control the whole of the North African Coast. This strategical necessity was the primary motive in the wars of old Rome for the domination of North Africa.

After having achieved the position of Mistress of Italy, towards the year 256 B.C., Rome had not yet played an active part in the Mediterranean politics, although the Mediterranean world felt at that time that a new Power had arisen : Egypt sought the alliance of Rome, and Greece began to take a keen interest in the history, constitution and character of the Latin Republic which had so suddenly become famous.

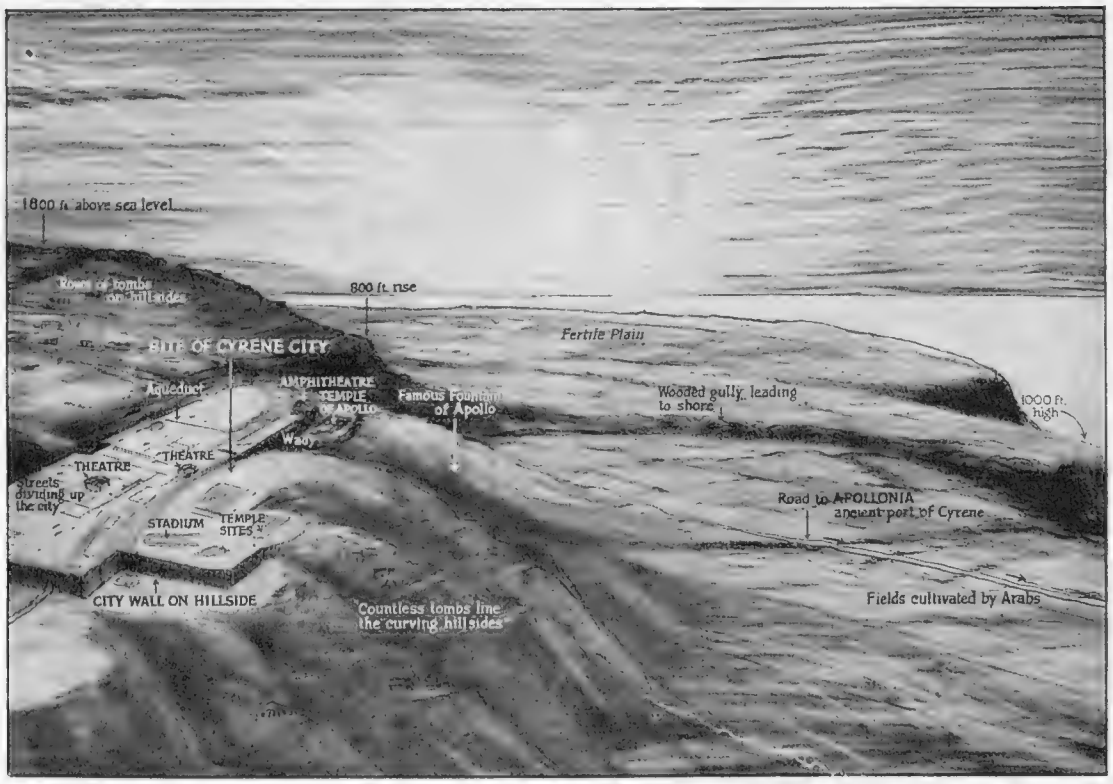
Carthage, on the other side of the Mediterranean border, was then at the height of her power ; her outposts in Sardinia and in Sicily were threateningly near to Rome, while Carthage's fleets swept the seas and kept vigilance over the still hidden treasures of the West. Rome realised that it was above all things essential that Carthage should advance no further eastwards. In the year 265, Carthage threatened Rome with the establishment of Carthaginian domination over Messana in the extreme north-eastern point of Sicily ; and the intervention of both Powers in a quarrel over Messana, led to the outbreak of war between Rome and Carthage in 264 B.C. : it was the First Punic War which lasted twenty-three years, until, in the year 241, Carthage was compelled to cede Sicily and the Lipari Islands to Rome, and pay an indemnity of 3,200 talents.

But the First Punic War was only an apprenticeship to a maritime warfare which was as yet unfamiliar to Rome ; and the interval between the First and the Second Punic Wars was employed by both Rome and Carthage in strengthening their respective positions. In the year 218 B.C., the Second Punic War was initiated by Hannibal with a direct attack upon Italy from Spain, and the famous crossing of the Alps by the Carthaginian Army with their cataphract elephants, that were the first *Panzer* Divisions the world had seen. Hasdrubal, Hannibal's brother, was slain at the battle of the River Metaurus in 207 ; the war in Italy thus virtually ended ; Scipio Minor expelled the Carthaginians from the Peninsula Hiberica (211-206), and on his return from Spain Scipio urged an immediate invasion of Africa ; he was elected Consul for the year 205, given the Province of Sicily with permission to cross into Africa if he thought fit ; voluntary contributions of men, money and supplies poured in to the support of the popular hero, and by the end of 205, Scipio had collected in Sicily a sufficient force for his purpose ; in 204 he crossed to Africa and, with the friendship of the Numidian Prince Massinissa, in 203 twice defeated the Carthaginian forces, and at last, in the battle of Zama, in the year 202, Scipio defeated Hannibal himself. Carthage was allowed by Rome to retain her territory in Africa ; but she had to surrender all her ships except ten small triremes, all her war-elephants, and all prisoners of war, and pay to Rome an indemnity of 10,000 talents, an immense sum for those times.

(*Continued on following page*)



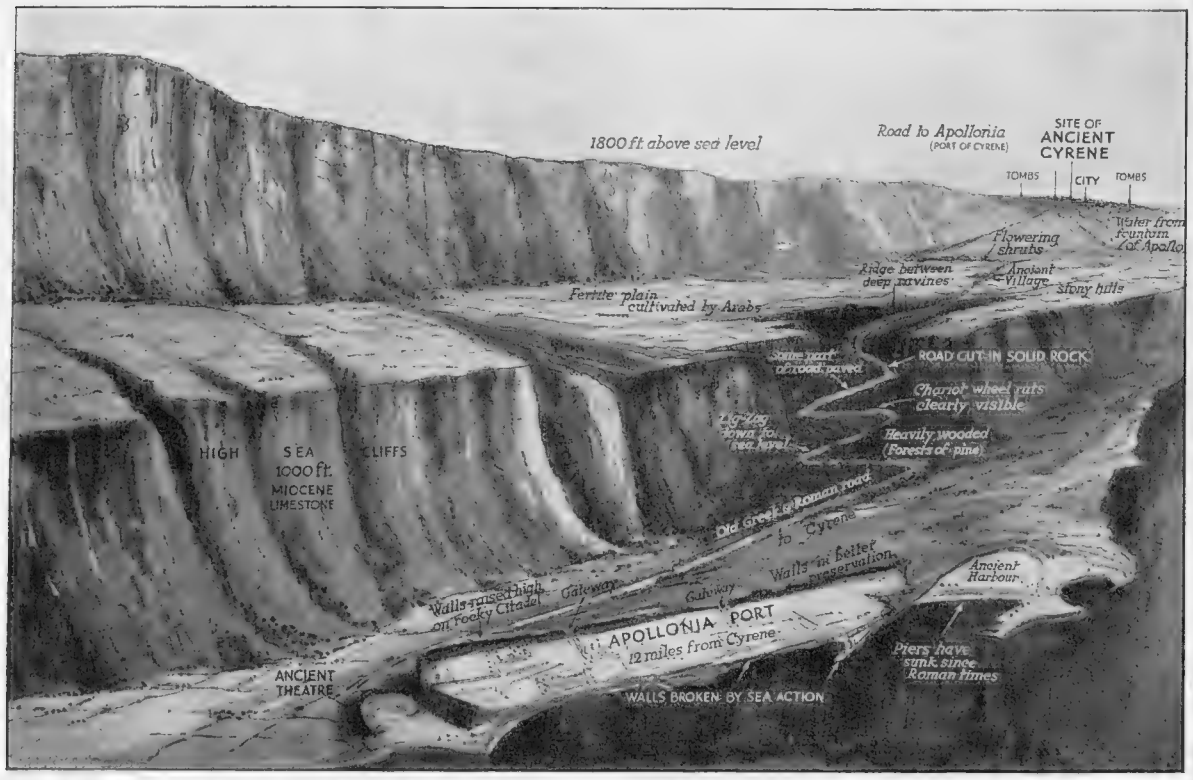
THE EASTERN PART OF THE AFRICAN SECTION OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE : Rome did not extend her power deeply into Northern Africa although the whole of the southern side of the Mediterranean was occupied from Alexandria to the Pillars of Hercules, opposite Gibraltar. A zone of slightly varying width extended to the edge of the desert, which appears to have been accepted as a natural barrier. In the area with which this article is concerned, the remains of Imperial Rome are very rich indeed. In some cases, they are on the sites of earlier Greek foundations. The line Nalut, Misda, and Bu Ngem marks the southern limit of penetration here ; in Cyrenaica, the fertility of the Barca high ground did not foster any desire to press southwards into the desert beyond. The recent excavations of the Italians have made it more possible to realise how this fringe of fertility between sea and desert once palpitated with all the energies of commerce and of the arts, literature, and philosophy



HOW CYRENE WAS PLACED 1,800 FT. ABOVE SEA-LEVEL ON A BASTIONED HILLSIDE OVERLOOKING A FERTILE PLAIN

The city which was famous both under the Greeks and the Romans occupied an exceptional position on the edge of an inner plateau, which rose above a level fertile plain which was itself 1,000 ft. above sea-level. Some three or four miles as the crow flies separated the city from the shore, but the port of Apollonia, which was Cyrene's sea connection with the Empire, was distant some 12 miles to the north-east. The view looking seawards is still a lovely one ; in the days of the city's prime, the scene must have been arresting in the extreme. The famous Fountain of Apollo still flows through old aqueducts to the sea, passing through a part of the city on its way. One of the most astonishing things about Cyrene is the fact that it stands to-day in the centre of a vast necropolis of tombs cut into the neighbouring hillsides ; these tombs are well-cut and clearly the inhabitants of Cyrene had no feelings of repulsion about the coming of death. The family vault would be erected at some convenient spot alongside a roadway

THE RISE AND FALL OF ROME'S AFRICAN EMPIRE—*(continued)*



THE ANCIENT HIGHWAY TO CYRENE FROM THE PORT OF APOLLONIA: IT STILL BEARS THE MARKS OF THE CHARIOT-WHEELS OF GREEK AND ROMAN DAYS

The commerce and, in fact, all the connections of Cyrene, along the ancient Roman road out to the port of Apollonia, and all its seaward walls, have now been broken down by the action of the waves, but much still exists to testify to the busy days when the leaves and root of the *silphium* plant were exported to all the great centres of the eastern half of the Roman Empire. In the days which knew nothing of coffee, tea and tobacco, the exhilarating beverage and the powerful drug extracted from *silphium* created a trade on which much of the prosperity of Cyrene was based. Up from the shore there still winds the ancient rock-hewn roadway to the once-busy city on the heights above. This highway has been described by Beechey, Hamilton and Hogarth at successive periods. Dr. D. G. Hogarth says: "If you would feel fey, ride alone and by night from Apollonia to Cyrene through tangled forests and across deserted glades, treading pavements which dead men have worn." The tracks of chariots, he says, are worn deep into the face of the roadway. Climbing upwards, the road traverses a ridge between two deep gullies thickly wooded. Higher up still it crosses some stony hills and passes the remains of ancient villages

(Continued from preceding page)

Carthage was now under the sway of the new Protectorate of Rome, and with the fall of Carthage the seal was set to the supremacy of Rome over all the lands bordering the Mediterranean basin. Henceforth Rome had no more rivals, and it rested with Rome to settle within what limits her supremacy should be confined.

Thus the centuries marched on; the Empire of Rome expanded over the whole of the civilised world, and Rome itself witnessed the rising of an autocratic and almost theistic Imperial rule out of what had been the austere and glorious Republic. It was Augustus' task to organise a settled Roman government within the lands over which the Generals of the Republic and Cæsar himself had extended the authority of Rome: an Empire, the natural boundaries of which were marked to the south and west by the African desert and the Atlantic Ocean. In Africa, the "client State" of Egypt was ruled by Augustus as the successor of the Ptolemies, and the Kingdom of Numidia was incorporated with the old Province of Africa. Thus the map of the African Empire of Rome shows a domination that extended along a narrow coastal belt, from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, embracing, however, all the present territories from Morocco to Egypt included, and of these the very Libya which the British Army of the Nile is wresting from Mussolini formed the Proconsulate of Africa, with the two Provinces of Tripolitania and Cyrenaica.

It is interesting to note to-day—in view of Mussolini's begging the Nazis for help to save his crumbling African Empire—that Africa was taken away from Rome by the Vandals. Honorius died in 423: with the single exception of Britain, from which the Roman troops were withdrawn in 407, no Province had yet formally broken from the Roman Empire. But in the long reign of Valentinian III (423-455), two great events took place: the invasion of Gaul and Italy by Attila, and the conquest of Africa by the Vandals. The Vandal settlement in Africa was closely similar in its origin and results to those of the Visigoths and the Vandals in Gaul and Spain and Italy: the feud between Boniface Count of Africa and Ætius Count of Italy opened the way to Africa for the Vandal King Genseric. In the year 429, Genseric crossed with his warriors—who were taking with them their families and chattels—into the Roman Province of Africa, hitherto almost untouched by the ravages of war; in 435 a formal treaty gave to Genseric a large portion of the rich lands which had been for centuries the granary of Rome; Carthage was taken in 439, and in 440 the sway of the Vandals was firmly established over a wide area.

One more point: Rome had fought for almost fifty years against Carthage to secure the control of the African coast, and Rome—as Momsen tells us—had won the Second Punic War only because she had the advantage of the control of the seas over Carthage. To-day, Mussolini is losing his African Empire under the blows of Britain because he does not possess that control of the seas which so mendaciously he told the Italian people that Britain did not hold in the Mediterranean; and the battle for Africa is a vivid confirmation of Mahan's theory that the final victory in any Continental war rests with the Power which can hold to the end its sea supremacy.

AN EXCAVATED THEATRE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CYRENE: Some of these theatres showed sufficiently above ground to be seen by Captain F. W. Beechey, R.N., in 1821 and 1822, and by James Hamilton in 1852-53. They have been thoroughly excavated by Italian archæologists since the occupation of Cyrenaica in 1912-13. They are fairly well preserved in some cases, and give an indication of the size of the city at various periods. This view is taken looking across some wavy country, which shows how the limestone formation even in the more fertile region rises to the surface across the plain to the foothills of Cyrene, where the staggering number of the tombs surrounding the city begins to be realised. Some of these still bear the original colour of their decorations

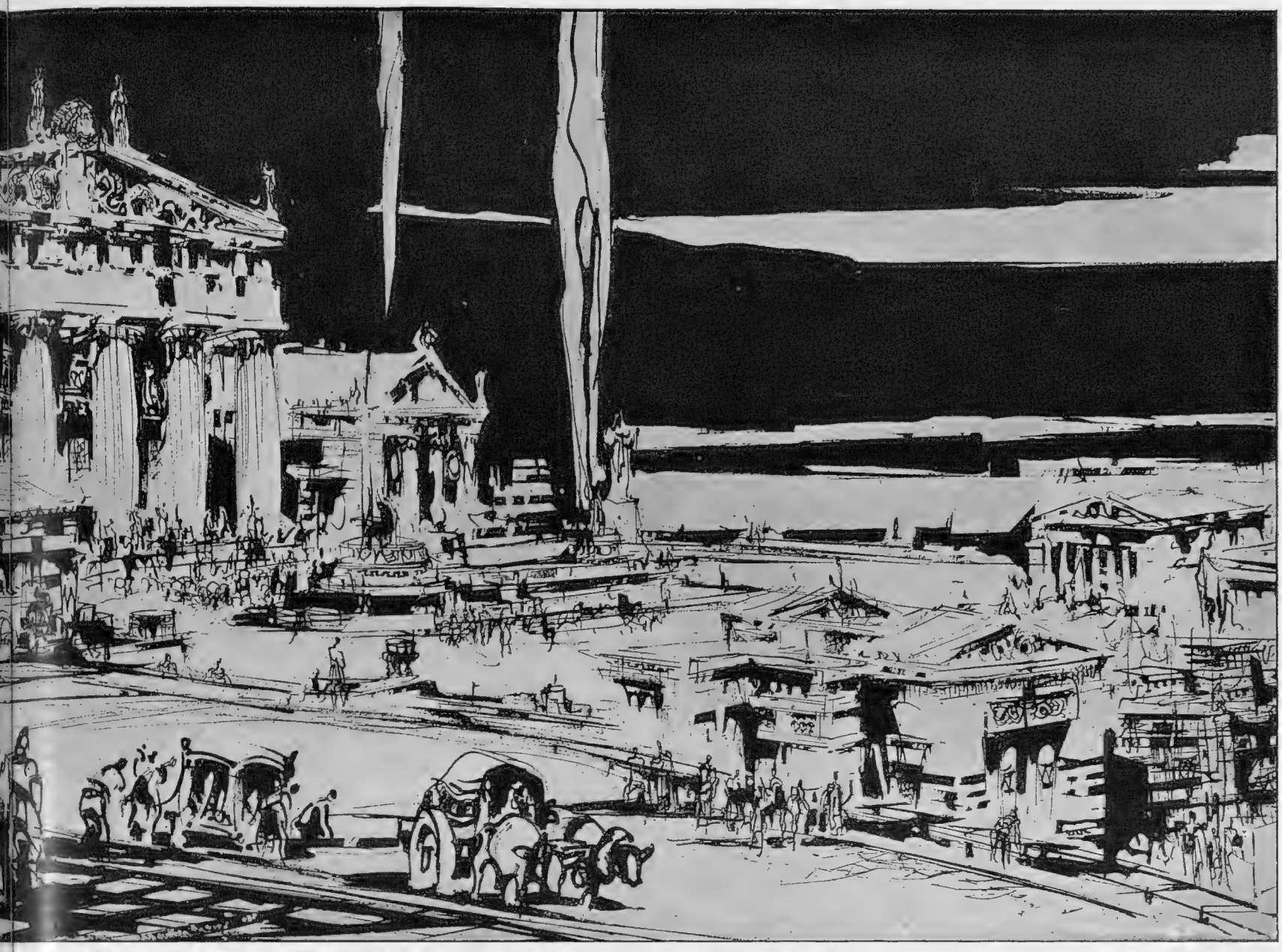
THE GLORIES OF ANCIENT CYRENE, FROM WI

centur

The artist has selected for his imaginative reconstruction of ancient C over the sacred precincts from a point where the ancient rock-cut ro the acropolis passes the cavern whence issues the Fount of Apollo, determined the location of the city in the seventh century B.C. by the advice given to him by the Delphic oracle to select "a place

AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF A LARGE

The foundations of a number of individual temple and civic buildings hav been revealed in this area, and columns have been re-erected. Th view is of unusual interest in that it shows the supporting walls wi semi-circular bastions, noted by early travellers. It is this rock-perche situation which gives Cyrene its special charm. Beechey writes: "W have already stated that the side of the mountain descends abruptly, this direction, to the plain below; not by a single, unbroken descen but in ledges, or galleries, one above another, which terminate only the plain itself. The Cyreneans have judiciously taken advantage of th formation, and shaped the ridges alluded to into practicable roads leadi along the side of the mountain, which have originally communicated



WHICH MODERN CYRENAICA TAKES ITS NAME—RECONSTRUCTED BY WILLIAM WALCOT: On the left is the Temple of Apollo, erected by Bathus in the sixth century B.C.; in the centre the Main Altar, in front of the Temple of Artemis; and in the bottom right the Temple of Pluto

nt Cyrene a view taken
t road descending from
Apollo, the spring which
C. by Bathus, acting on
place between waters."

From this point the eye ranges over the level, open space surrounded by the sacred precincts approached by way of the propylæa, which is seen adjoining the temple of Pluto at the foot of the terrace steps in the right-hand foreground. Beyond and flanking the approach are the little temples of Bacchus and Venus, which screen the walls of the Roman baths of later date. Dominating the approach and at right-angles to it rises the majestic archaic temple of Apollo, erected in the seventh century B.C. by Bathus, its six-columned front towering over the roof of the temple of Isis, seen in the left foreground, and its great pediment surmounted by a large acroterion decorated with a gorgon's head. In front stands the great Altar, twenty-five yards long, occupying the focal position of the open space, and adjoining, to the right, is the smaller sixth-century temple of Artemis of more delicate proportions, forming an admirable foil to its sturdier neighbour. In between them a little Roman shrine of late date, probably first century B.C., unites the two temples into a group and gives them their colossal scale. Cyrene was famed for its statues and monuments, fragments of many of which have been rescued in recent years from the ruins. Of these, one may be seen near the temple of Artemis in the form of a statue of Athena, and in close association with it stand a statue of the young Egyptian deity, Apis, and a monument to Socrates, whose pupil, Aristippus, founded here a Greek school of philosophy known as the Cyrenaics.—EDWIN WILLIAMS

LARGE SECTION OF EXCAVATED WORK AT CYRENE

ldings have
cted. The
walls with
ck-parched
tes: "We
bruptly, in
n descent,
ate only in
rtage of this
ads leading
unicated in

some instances one with another by means of narrow flights of steps cut in the rock. The roads are to this day very plainly indented with the marks of chariot-wheels deeply sunk in their smooth, stony surface; and appear to have been the favourite drives of the inhabitants who enjoyed from them the delightful view which we have despaired of being able to place before our readers. The rock, in most instances, rises perpendicularly from one side of these aerial galleries, and is excavated into innumerable tombs, which have been formed with great labour and taste, and the greater number of them have been adorned with architectural façades built against the smooth side of the rock itself, contributing materially to increase the interest, and to add to the beauty of the drives."

BATHS AND PART OF THE GYMNASIUM OF LEPTIS MAGNA, ONE OF THE FINEST ROMAN REMAINS

Leptis Magna lies to the west of the Libyan province within a mile and a half of Homs. It was a busy place in Roman times, drawing much African produce to its markets: the caravans from Fezzan came here and traded with Greek and Roman merchants. In the fourth century A.D. it suffered some severe ravages, but was restored by Justinian. A great number of the fallen columns have been re-erected—some of them are shown here. Two large halls attached to the baths can still be visited. They were decorated by a number of statues. A Byzantine basilica in the Roman forum and other remains of civic builders attest the wealth of Leptis Magna. Remains of the port include part of the mole and a tower which probably served as a harbour beacon in ancient Roman times

Drawing by J. Patton

A SECTIONAL VIEW OF A BRITISH CRUISER, THE UPPER DECK OF WHICH HAS BEEN PENETRATED BY A SHELL (OR BOMB) : A diagram which shows some of the danger points

The points to be noted in connection with this diagram-drawing are as follows : **1**—the sub-division of the hull into many compartments and the closing of all doors and hatchways, etc., localises the fire ; **2**—the decks have been covered with fire-resisting materials during the construction of the warship ; **3**—there is a minimum amount of wood used in the construction, and the bulkheads are unpainted, as paint is a very inflammable material ; **4**—the magazine is equipped with flooding apparatus, also with refrigerating machinery to prevent spontaneous combustion ; **5**—the ventilating system can be cut off and thus prevent the rapid spread of the flames ; **6**—there are fire-hoses from many connections in all parts of the ship ; **7**—most war vessels are equipped with foam apparatus to smother fires ; inflammable materials are stored below the water-line

FIRE AT SEA !

A Peril which, Now as Ever, Menaces both Warship and Merchantman in Time of War

Notes by FRANK C. BOWEN

FIRE has been one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, perils to ships and seamen ever since the beginning of navigation, but it is more dangerous than ever in wartime, and although vast improvements have been made in the methods of combating the danger, it is still present and probably always will be.

In the old days of wooden sailing warships any number were lost by fire, and as they only carried a few boats the casualties were heavy. Smoking on shipboard was hedged round with all sorts of precautionary regulations ; in some ships smokers had to settle themselves round a large tub of water on the open deck, with an armed Marine to make sure that the bowls of the pipes were never lifted outside the edge of the tub. Smoking under such conditions lost a good deal of its charm, which was why the Navy took to chewing tobacco. Wooden decks are admitted to be dangerous, but are necessary to a certain extent, although they are replaced by fire-resisting material where possible.

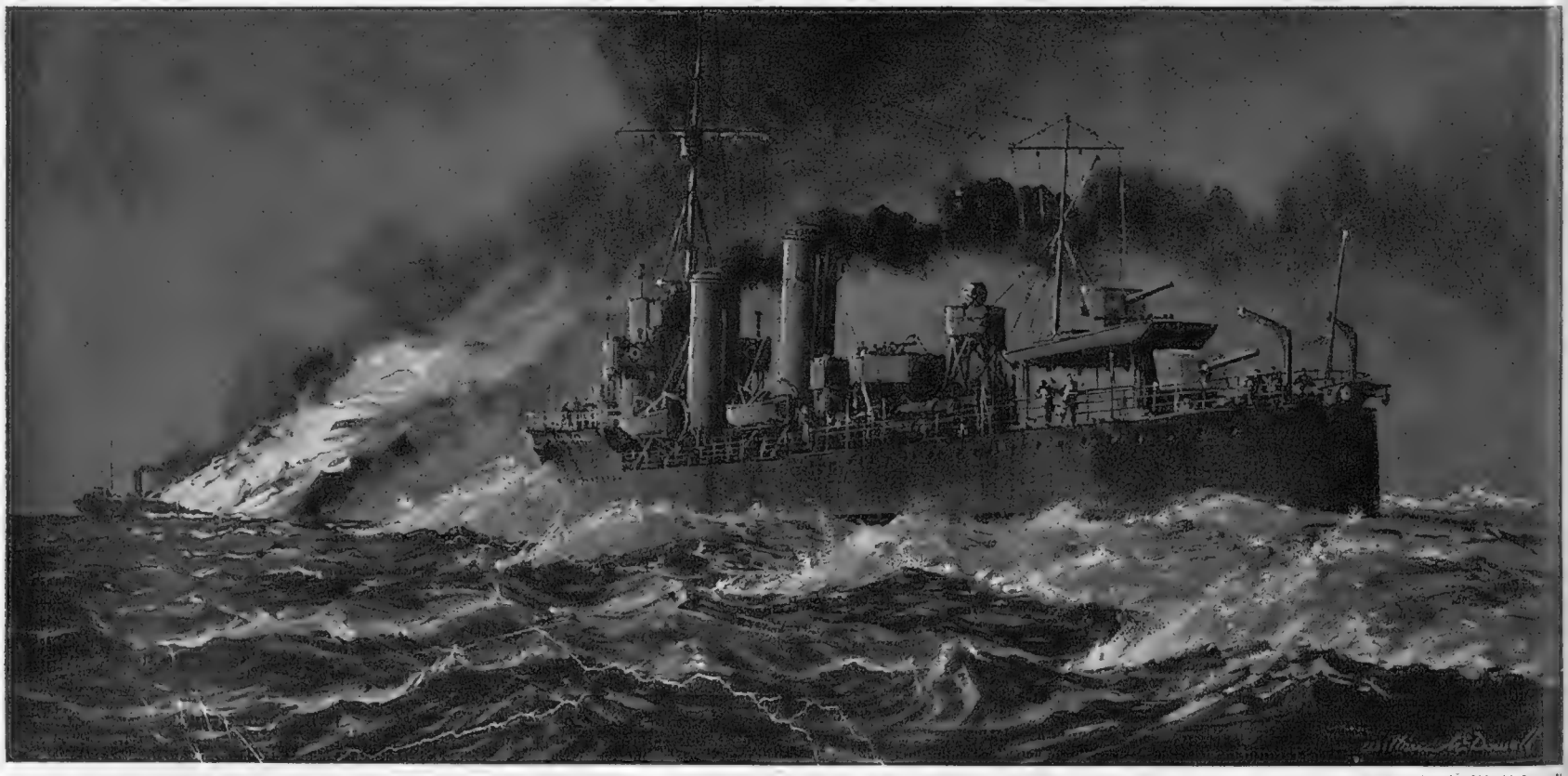
Among the greatest dangers in modern ships are cordite fires, for it is necessary to have a certain number of charges alongside the guns for ready use, and although these do not detonate in the open, they burn with an intensely fierce flame which is driven right into any inflammable material in the neighbourhood. The substitution of oil fuel for coal was necessary for modern conditions, but it added to the fire danger, although only the small settling tanks are above water in the boiler rooms ; the main supply is kept below the waterline in tanks in the double bottom, but they cannot be completely protected from under-water explosion, plunging fire or aerial bombs.

The Navy takes every imaginable precaution beforehand, but new ones are constantly being evolved and tried. The minute sub-division of a modern ship by watertight bulkheads is invaluable for isolating fires while the magazines, which are obviously the greatest danger, are not only carefully isolated, but are so fitted that they can be flooded from the sea in a matter of moments and as a protection against the spontaneous combustion of their contents they are fitted with refrigerating machinery.

The ventilation of a man-of-war is most comprehensive, but all the leads can be cut off at convenient points in order to prevent the draught feeding a fire. Hoses and water mains are everywhere, with scores of connections, and the ship's pumps can maintain a very high pressure. Wherever there is the possibility of an oil fire foam apparatus is fitted, which, by mixing two chemicals, will produce a huge lather which will smother almost anything. The greatest precautions are taken with the electric wiring as many fires in foreign ships have been traced to that cause, and the safest possible stowage is provided for any inflammable material. The Navy does not forget that H.M. sloop *Dotterel* was destroyed by the spontaneous combustion of xerotine siccative, a composition used for drying paint.

As soon as the ship goes into action fire hoses laid over the decks are put in operation to keep them thoroughly soaked, a necessary precaution, but one which is liable to be troublesome when the water is thrown up by the wind and the blast of the guns and spatters the lower range-finding instrument.

When all the Navy's wonderful appliances and organisation are still occasionally helpless to save a ship from destruction,



Drawing by W. McDowell

FIRE AT SEA : A MERCHANTMAN BECOMES A FLAMING BEACON IN THE DARKNESS OF THE NIGHT AS A BRITISH DESTROYER RACES TO THE RESCUE

Perhaps a delay-action bomb has been placed aboard the vessel by an enemy agent in port ; perhaps the ship has been attacked by aircraft. The destroyer, in such case, can do little but assist in the rescue of the merchantman's crew and make sure that the burnt-out wreck will not become a menace to other shipping

it is easy to understand that the danger is very much greater in the case of merchant ships which are designed primarily for the business of carrying cargo and passengers.

The fire peril is the only marine risk which has not been greatly reduced in recent years, and now the war risk has been added to it, for fire is a favourite German weapon afloat as well as ashore. The big passenger liners are particularly liable. As in the case of warships isolation is a great feature, for the long alley-ways in the passenger accommodation of the average liner act as draught tunnels, and have been responsible for a lot of the damage on several occasions. When the bulkheads of the cabins on either side of these alley-ways were made of wood, the best material for the comfort of the passengers, this danger was greatly increased.

Practically all passenger liners are fitted with detecting gear working on various systems. One favourite is the sprinkler similar to that installed in any number of factories on land. Another system consists of pipes to every part of the ship which extract the air and discharge it under the nose of the officer of the watch on the bridge. A cigarette smoked by a stowaway in the most remote hold—the cause of many fires—can be detected by this means, and the piping system is then used for extinguishing purposes.

Naturally the apparatus on board passenger liners is more elaborate than that of cargo steamers, but the authorities insist that every British ship shall be adequately fitted for her purpose. These regulations vary according to the type of ship and her construction; the oil- or spirit-tanker is put under a schedule different from the dry cargo-carrier, and there have been cases of the oil actually boiling in the tanks without catching fire. The magnificent heroism of the small party which saved the tanker *San Demetrio* would have been useless had she not been fitted with excellent fire-fighting appliances.

TWO IMPRESSIONS
BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

Above—

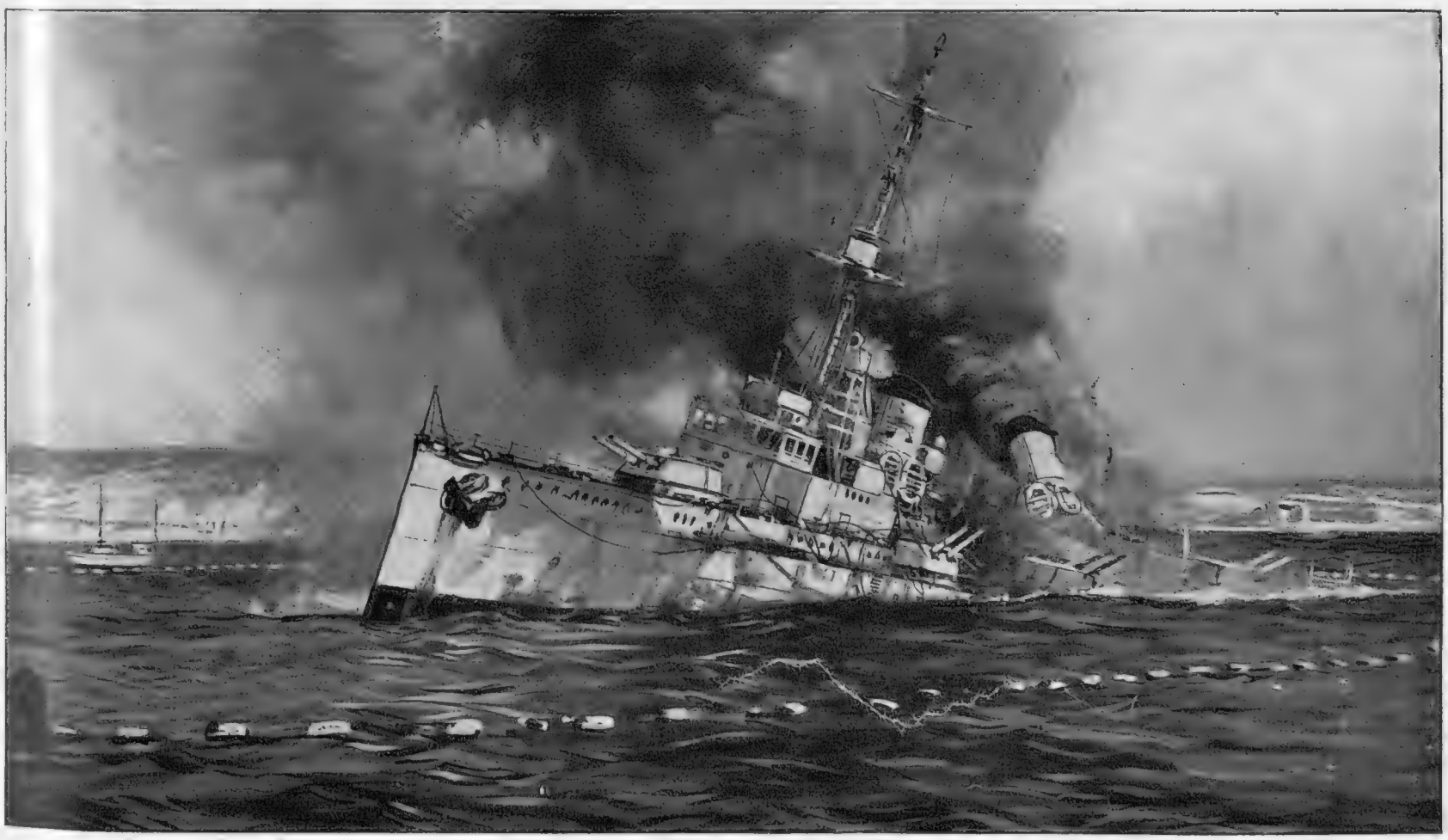
THE CREW OF A MERCHANTMAN TAKE TO THE BOATS

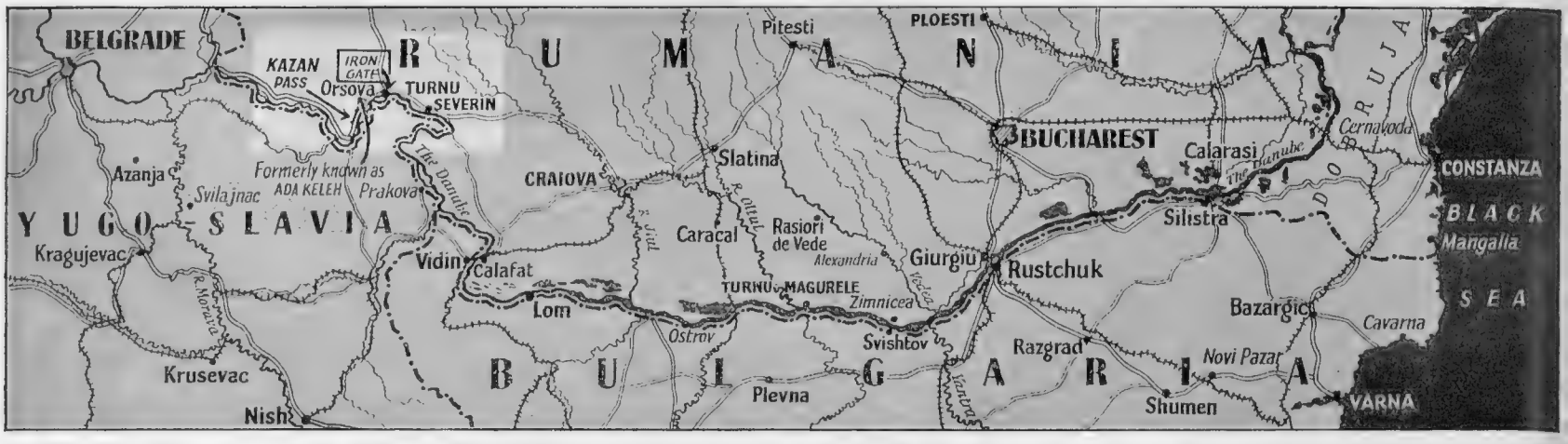
The vessel is too far gone for salvage. The lifeboats have been launched, and one of the ship's rafts has also been thrown overboard. Ahead of the sailors is a long period of trial and suffering before they are rescued

Below—

THE END OF THE ITALIAN CRUISER "SAN GIORGIO" IN TOBRUK HARBOUR

Crippled in previous attacks, this 9,000-ton warship served as a floating battery for the defenders at Tobruk. When the final assault was made on the town, the R.A.F., with well-directed hits, set her alight. She was blazing thus as the Imperial Forces entered the town and harbour





FROM BELGRADE DOWN TO THE SEA: Through the Iron Gate and across the wide Rumanian plains to the Black Sea

Coming down from the Rumanian-Yugoslav borders, the Danube runs a mile broad across the rich Rumanian plains—a majestic river bearing thousands of tons of merchandise on its broad bosom daily. But between Belgrade and Vidin are the Iron Gates, within the area indicated on the above map. "If, by man or natural causes, the Danube was blocked here, then the whole face of the European continent would be changed for ever."

THE DANUBE IS NOW A "GERMAN RIVER"

—Its Importance to Germany is Paramount, Now More than Ever

TEMPORARILY, the River Danube provides the south boundary of the new German Empire, as once it was the northern frontier of the Roman Empire, for, except where it enters and leaves Yugoslavia, Strauss's "Blue Danube" is now a German river. That apart, the Danube is the most important river in Europe, and its 1,700 miles crosses seven countries—Germany, where it rises in the Black Forest, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Bulgaria and Rumania, from which it pours its waters into the Black Sea.

More truly than the Thames, this river is "liquid history," for no river has been so much fought over. If, by man or natural causes, the Danube was blocked at the famous Iron Gates, then the whole face of the European continent would be changed for ever. Now that this river, by surrendering itself to the canals, can carry traffic from the Black Sea to the Baltic and the North Sea, its importance as a trade route for Hitler's Reich cannot be overestimated. For the steel shortage does not affect this route for oil and wheat; it needs no iron permanent way to be kept in repair. Indeed, in importance, even the Rhine bears to the Danube the resemblance that a Dutch canal does to the Rhine.

In its journey to the sea, the Danube passes through some of the most magnificent scenery in Europe, and some of its most lovely cities: Passau, Ratisbon, Linz, Pressburg and Budapest. Some say the stretch between Linz and Vienna is the most beautiful, and just here are some of the finest medieval castles in Europe, such as Durrenstein, where Richard the Lion Heart was imprisoned for a time, and the magnificent Benedictine monastery at Melk, perched 200 ft. above the river. In the lower reaches the scenery is different, but almost equally charming.

From the ramparts above Belgrade you can see the Danube, a mile broad, like an inland sea, and there it is 40 ft. deep. Just a few miles further down, the Danube rushes through the Kazan defile, where the river is only 160 yards wide, but reaches a depth of 160 ft. Still further on are the famous Iron Gates, near Orsova, where the river is obstructed by rocks in the bed of the river.

From here on, we are on the most important stretch of the Danube. From its tributary, the Timok, to a spot 27 miles east of Ruschuk—so much in the news now—the Danube forms the frontier between Rumania and Bulgaria, and from then on its course is entirely in Rumanian territory. On the north bank the land is flat, marshy, with many small lakes; on the south are low hills, forming the sites for many small but picturesque townships. At Ruschuk itself the important railway between Bucharest and Varna crosses the river.

The river is again crossed at Cernavoda by the railway from Bucharest to Constanza, the chief Rumanian port on the Black Sea. At this point the Danube strikes northward, diverted by the hills of the Dobruja. In this region, as far as Braila, the Danube forms into several channels and overflows into the surrounding country, making scores of little lakes. Then once again the river changes its course at Galatz, leading port on the Danube delta.

The Danube delta, nearly 1,000 square miles in area, is a dreary, swampy marshland, covered with tall reeds, and only here and there relieved by trees perched on isolated hillocks. There are, of course, a number of towns in the Delta, the most important of which are Ismail and Chilia.

Ships of 4,000 tons can steam as high as Braila, of 600 tons to Turnu Severin, near the Iron Gates, and steamers and barges drawing 5 ft. of water can get as far as Linz. Smaller vessels can reach Ratisbon. In peacetime the flags of nearly all the nations used to hang from the stern poles of the barges.

It depends on the severity of the winter, of course, but this vital river freezes over generally between the beginning of December and March. There are, too, other navigational difficulties. For instance, it is accepted that the river channel should have a minimum low-water depth of 6 ft. 7 ins., but at certain places now and again, the depth falls below this, and sometimes navigation is suspended for days at a time. The fall in depth usually takes place in the summer in the middle of the season.

These interruptions happen usually in the upper reaches of the river, most frequently between the important Nazi town of Regensburg and Vienna, less frequently between Vienna and Budapest. Near the Iron Gates another difficulty arises. Just below them, a powerful tug must be used to pull, one by one, laden barges through the Iron Gates. After that, the tow is re-formed; but farther up it must be broken again to take the barges through the rushing current at Greben. Indeed, barges of more than 600 tons have great difficulty in navigating the Iron Gates at all.

Now more than ever, the Danube is a vital lifeline of the Reich, for on its broad waters is carried much of the oil from Rumania that puts the Nazi war-machine into gear. The trouble in this matter is that the Danube has only one oil port, Giurjiu.

Their other headache on the Danube is the severe shortage of barges, and I understand that the Nazis some time ago considered bringing the huge barges from the Rhine—too large to traverse the Rhine-Danube canal—overland to the Danube. Even so, the problem of providing extra port facilities for these barges would remain.

Certainly there are plenty of problems surrounding the Danube, enough, at any rate, to give anyone the blues.

CATASTROPHIC FLOODS IN YUGOSLAVIA HAVE BARRED INVASION FROM THE NORTH: The recent catastrophic floods in the plains north of the Danube have (in the opinion of the Serbs) temporarily saved their country from the threat of German invasion. Some little time ago a vast icefield five miles long and nine feet thick to the south of Budapest was dynamited, with the result that miles of ice-floes were adrift in the river near Belgrade. Even the Budapest-Belgrade main railway was in peril

THE DANUBE BETWEEN RUMANIA AND YUGOSLAVIA NEAR THE LESSER IRON GATES IN THE KAZAN PASS: Here, centuries ago, the Romans advancing into Dacia (Rumania) built roads on baulks of timber driven horizontally into the rock for the passage of the troops. The Greben Defile and the Kazan Pass (between Belgrade and the Iron Gates) are dangerous for traffic—especially in flood-time

THE NEW "HELIGOLAND OF THE BLACK SEA," WHERE IT IS BELIEVED THE GERMANS HAVE ASSEMBLED MANY "POCKET SUBMARINES": The port of Braila, sheltered in an inland position in the Danube Delta, and the course pursued by the submarines down to the sea after construction— *Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Readers of this journal will remember a recent Section in which we described submarine and other German naval possibilities behind the fringe of islands on Germany's western coastline. This Section was published under the heading of "The New Riddle of the Sands." Now reports from Sofia are pointing to a new German "Heligoland"—in the Black Sea, with Braila occupying a similar position to Borkum in the Friesian group. "Although authenticated details are meagre," states this report from Sofia, "it is believed that several pocket submarines have been assembled at the inland port of Braila, in Rumania. These weigh 150 tons and carry a crew of twenty-five. They are reported to have been sent from Germany by rail and assembled in Vienna and elsewhere. To make the base as far inland as possible, and therefore invulnerable to attacks from the sea, the Germans have dug out a canal that runs from Macine on the Danube into Lake Razzelm and from there into Lake Sinoe. The canal, as reconstructed, is about 20 ft. wide, and the journey from the base to the sea, with the Lake passage, is about 70 miles. The submarines will be able to refuel where the pipe-line from the Ploesti oilfields comes out at Constanza. It is not expected that the submarines will be used unless the German campaign should turn eastwards against Russia. . . . Should the Germans force Turkey back into Asia, and gain possession of the Straits, U-boats could be used in the Ægean. . . ."

THE DANUBE AT THE GREBEN DEFILE, SHOWING THE BABAKAI ROCKS IN MID-RIVER AND THE RUMANIAN SHORE BEYOND

The most notable geographical feature of the River Danube is the Iron Gates—the name given to a two-mile stretch of narrows between Orsova and Turnu Severin; in this region, too, is the Greben Defile, of which a picture is reproduced here. Up to the Iron Gates vessels of 600 tons can proceed safely; but through the Kazan Pass the passage contracts to 160 yards, and the water attains a depth of 150 ft., so narrow becomes the river. Here the current rushes down with great force, rendering navigation extremely tricky and dangerous. It is at this spot that the Danube presents some of its finest scenery. Rising in Germany itself, it may be said that the Germans to-day practically control the river from its source to its mouth, 1,780 miles away. Throughout its course the Danube is computed to have some 300 affluents, those on the right bank being the most important. Of all the rivers of Europe, the Danube is the most important—even surpassing the Rhine in commercial and strategic value. To the Germans it is at this moment a veritable life-line

The NAVY and the COAST DEFENCE of BRITAIN

An Historical Survey with Notes by
FRANK C. BOWEN

And Drawings by
MONTAGUE DAWSON

AFTER HIS DEFIANCE OF THE POPE, Henry VIII feared an invasion in retaliation : he therefore built a long chain of castles on the shore, and constructed "small craft like pinnaces, row-barges and galleys, which were mostly copied from Continental countries . . ."

WHEN Henry VIII defied the Pope, and then wondered what was going to happen to him in retaliation, he followed what is now regarded as the mistaken "Narrow Waters" policy and relied very largely on a long chain of castles on shore, and his interest in the deep-sea navy, which had promised so well in the earliest days of his reign, very soon evaporated in favour of small craft like pinnaces, row-barges and galleys, which were mostly copied from continental countries whose conditions were far different from those of England. Even in his day there were many who believed that the best defence of the English coast was a vigorous offensive.

Elizabeth inherited many of his ideas on the importance of the fortifications, although her meanness in money matters constantly caused her to neglect them; but when the great Armada was launched against us, the principal trust was placed in the sea-going ships manned by gentlemen adventurers who had met the Spaniards on the high seas before, and who believed in striking them where they were tender.

Charles I's ship-money scheme of 1635 was both sound and just, and would have provided the country with a sea-going defence, but it was used as a political

On right—
TWO AMERICAN SHIPS BUILDING IN ENGLAND FOR THE CONFEDERATES were seized and added to the British Navy as the *Scorpion* and *Wyvern*, "starting quite a craze for low freeboard in spite of the bitter criticisms of the Blue Water School . . ."

BEFORE THE OUTBREAK OF THE LAST WAR "a system of Home Defence flotillas was established under the Admiral of Patrols, including old destroyers, torpedo-boats and other vessels, and incidentally these gave young officers an invaluable knowledge of all the nooks and corners of the British coasts which had until then been familiar only to inshore fishermen and smugglers . . ."

IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, WHEN INVASION SCARES WERE OF PERIODICAL OCCURRENCE, a new type of blockship was added to the Navy. "They were old sailing ships-of-the-line generally cut down from three decks to two to allow for the weight of the low-powered screw engines and boilers. They were the first big warships to be given machinery . . . ."

weapon against an unpopular king and led to his downfall. Before the end of the century Britain had to face the first of many French plans of invasion during the next hundred-odd years, and the inferior fleet which met the French off Beachy Head in 1690 had to remember that if it were beaten the country would certainly be invaded. There were many other French invasion plans during the eighteenth century, sometimes with the Spaniards in alliance, but in each case the Navy was sufficient to defeat the attempt, although once the invading forces contrived to land at Fishguard. It remained, however, a recognised part of French policy, and in 1785 a Royal Commission studied the matter very carefully.

Unfortunately, this commission sat after an unhappy succession of naval scandals, when the corruption in the Admiralty and fleet was at its very worst, and it reported in favour of forts. But by the time Napoleon's invasion plans were completed the Navy had scored so many successes at sea that the policy was at least partially changed, and Nelson and others kept the French on the jump on their own coast until Trafalgar

In the meantime the Narrow Waters School was active. Many old warships for which even the Press Gang could not find crews were stationed at various ports with scratch complements of landsmen and invalids, and were called blockships, but happily they were never called upon to test their qualities.

Another type of blockship was added to the Navy in the nineteenth century, when invasion scares were of periodical occurrence. They were old sailing-ships of the line, generally cut down from three decks to two to allow for the weight of the low-powered screw engines and boilers which were installed. They were the first big warships to be given machinery, and this was only intended to be powerful enough to carry them to windward of any invading force, although indirectly they performed great service, for they led to steam being generally adopted in the battle fleet.

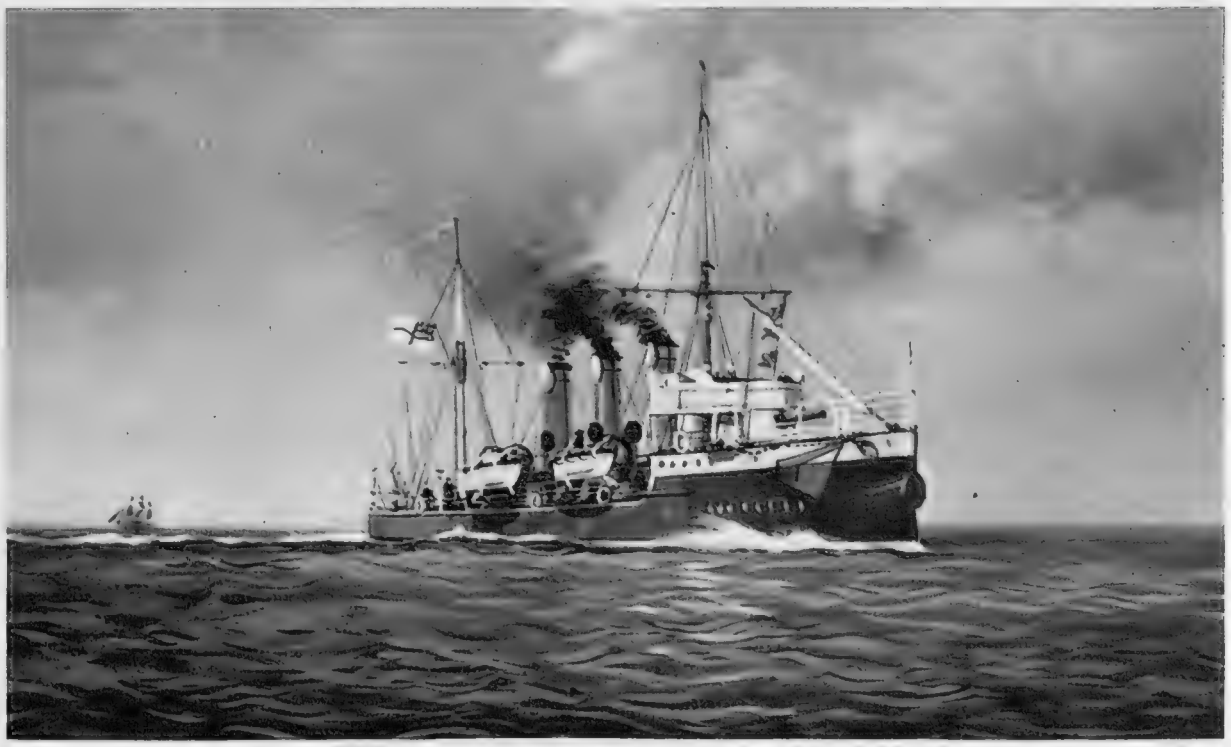
The Commission on Coast Defences in 1859 recommended a combined system of ironclads and modern fortifications, and the spectacular work of the monitor type during the American Civil War which came immediately afterwards made such a popular impression that it gave a great opportunity for this policy to be carried into effect, although the opposition opinion was that the money should be spent on bigger sea-going ships.

The American ships, which were designed for a special form of warfare almost entirely confined to rivers and sheltered waters and which on more than one occasion foundered at sea, were the ideal of many people on account of their small target and shallow draught. Two which were building in England, nominally for Morocco but actually for the Confederate States, were seized under the neutrality declaration and added to the Navy as the *Scorpion* and *Wyvern*, starting quite a craze for low-freeboard in spite of the bitter criticisms of the Blue Water School. In the 70's, when the German conquest of France had made a great impression and had given many people the idea that anything that was German must be good, still more were built of which great things were claimed, in spite of the fact that the German Narrow Water fleet had played such an ignominious part in the war that their Navy was in disgrace for a long time afterwards, and twenty-five years later it required all the clever propaganda of the Kaiser Wilhelm and Von Tirpitz to make the German people accept a navy at all. The Admiralty was not fully divorced from the "inshore" policy until the mid-'80's, when the politicians were finally convinced by the seamen that the function of a British man-of-war was to go anywhere in any circumstances. For many years, however, the Navy List was cluttered up with a number of these coast-defence monitors and "flat-iron," shallow-draught gunboats whose single heavy gun could only be aimed by moving the head of the ship.

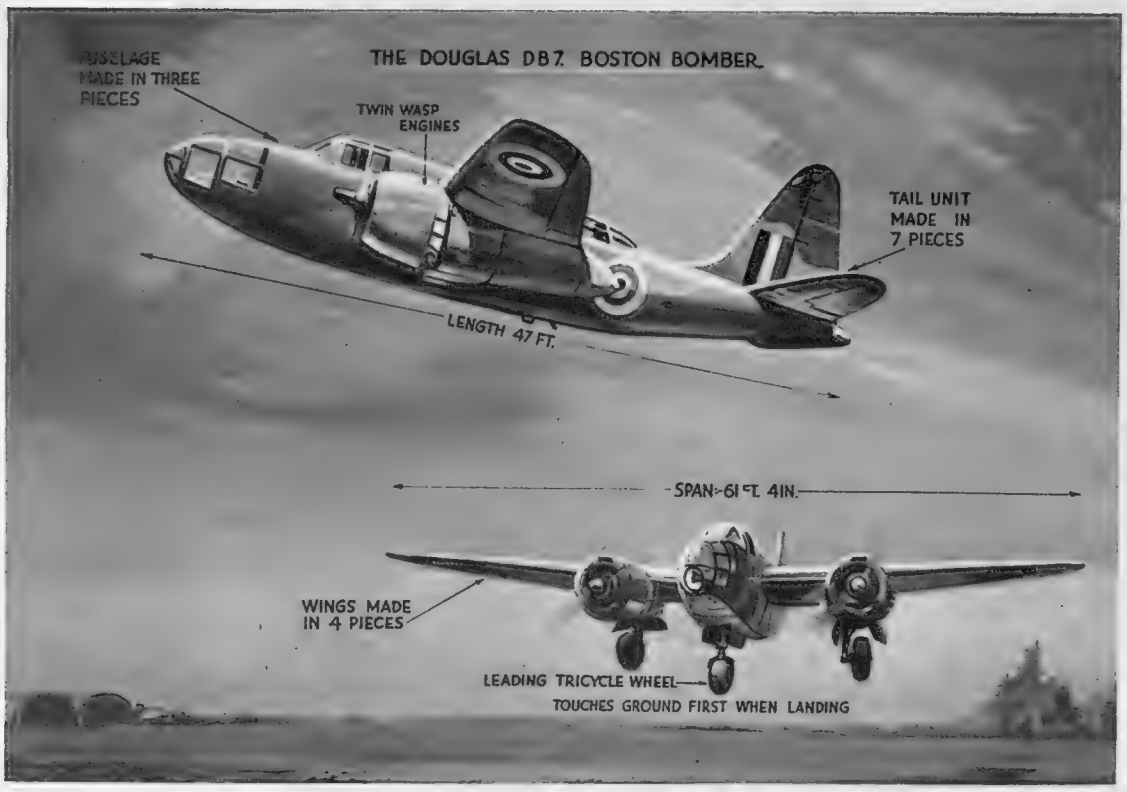
It was undoubtedly the development of the torpedo-boat, and the exaggerated ideas that many people had of her power, which finally killed the coast-defence fleet which could not operate in enemy waters. The Naval Coast Volunteer Force, which was founded among fishermen, coasting seamen, etc., in 1853 to revive the old Sea Fencibles, was abolished in 1873 and the Royal Naval Reserve was strengthened by its best men.

Although, of course, naval strategy has to prepare for the possibility of a force slipping through the advanced fleets, and has to arrange a second line of defence, the Admiralty's policy has followed that of the Blue Water School ever since. Before the outbreak of the last war a system of Home Defence flotillas was established under the Admiral of Patrols, including old destroyers, torpedo-boats, and other vessels, and incidentally these gave young officers an invaluable knowledge of all the nooks and corners of the British coasts which had until then been familiar only to inshore fishermen and smugglers and a few yachtsmen.

The Grand Fleet was, however, regarded as the main line of defence in the many serious invasion scares. The older battle squadrons were told off to deal with possible attempts on the East Coast quite early in the war, based on various ports from the Forth to the Thames, but fears of invasion caused comparatively little interference with the strategic plans of the Commander-in-Chief with whom the defence of the coast was always a primary consideration, and although Germany went to the expense of fitting out a large number of liners as invasion transports, the British Blue Water Navy made them afraid to use them.



FOR MANY YEARS AFTER THE GERMAN CONQUEST OF FRANCE IN THE '70's, "the Navy List was cluttered up with a number of these monitors and 'flat-iron' gunboats whose single heavy gun could only be aimed by moving the head of the ship"



Drawing by Roland Davies

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE HAVE NOW GOT THEIR FIRST "TRICYCLE" PLANES

These are the Douglas D.B.7 Boston bombers, which have Pratt and Whitney twin-wasp motors. This American aircraft has a span of 61 ft. 4 in. and a length of 47 ft. It carries a crew of three. The wings are made up of four separate sections, the fuselage of three, and the tail unit of seven. In case of damage these units can thus be easily replaced. Bombs are stowed internally. The bottom view shows how the aircraft lands: the leading tricycle wheel touches down first, and there is no tail wheel at all

AIR COMMENTARY—By C. G. GREY
(Founder of "The Aeroplane")

The THREAT from JAPAN

Their Capabilities as Aeroplane-Makers and as Pilots: With Some Further Notes on Parachutists

AFTER all these years of playing up, not to say sucking up, to Japan, one may perhaps now say what one thinks about the little yellow men without being accused of endangering International Relations. Everybody in all the Services has regarded Japan as a future enemy ever since the Russo-Japanese War, when the Japanese started having swelled heads and posing as the bosses of the Pacific. American and English politicians alike were afraid to put them in their places. Now it has got to be done.

In the first Anglo-German War (mistakenly called the Great War, or the World War, although it only lasted four years and made a mess of a strip of France) the Japanese were supposed to be our Allies, but they did not exactly swim in blood for our sweet sakes. All they did was to use the German Chinese fortress of Tsing-Tao as a training-ground for their Army. They used to push in an attack with a division, get the troops blooded, pull them out and push in another division. For months they made no more real effort to capture the place than a certain bright young Colonel named Plumer (later Field-Marshal Lord) made to relieve Mafeking in the last Boer War—because in each case feints were more useful than defeating the enemy.

Likewise, the Japanese Navy did nothing beyond sending a few destroyers to help hunt submarines in the Mediterranean, and to learn as much as possible about the British Navy's way of doing things. And the Japs had no Air Force.

At the moment, we are mildly interested in what the Japanese Air Force might be worth against the R.A.F. and the Royal Australian Air Force and the Royal New Zealand Air Force to-day. Well, to put it more or less in horse-race talk, on figures which the R.A.F. have proved that they can take on in air fighting—the odds are, Germany, 5 to 1, running at times to 10 to 1; Italy, 15 to 1, running out to 25 to 1; Japan, any odds and no takers.

The Any-Odds Air Force.—The fact that Japanese aeroplanes have devastated undefended Chinese cities does not make the Japanese Air Force a formidable air armada with which to attack Singapore or Surabaya or Sydney. Also, remember that, apart from pilots, air crews and aircraft, we have two of the best and most experienced officers in the R.A.F. in supreme command in the Pacific, and a scheme of Air Defence, linking all our possessions between Malaya and New Zealand, which was worked out years ago, when Sir Arthur Longmore, himself born in New Zealand, and now Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, R.A.F. Middle East, spent months South of the Line conspiring (in the proper sense) with the Heads of the Fighting Services in Australia and New Zealand.

Anyhow, there is Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Cyril Newall, as Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief of all his Majesty's Forces in New Zealand, and Air Chief-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, C.-in-C. all his Majesty's Forces in Malaya—both aviators of the pre-1914 time. And in the middle is Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Burnett, in charge of Air affairs in Australia—on loan to the R.A.A.F.—to look after the New Guinea and Fiji links in the Pacific Defence scheme. A good map of the scheme was published some three years ago by a well-informed Australian air paper, whose producer was highly unpopular with those in power in those days, but nobody denied the accuracy of his map.

Given that our preparations for a Japanese attack are right—purely as a precaution, of course, for we must still smile politely at the yellow men—what is the Japanese Air Force worth?

Japanese As Aviators.—Somewhere about 1919 or 1920 Colonel the Master of Sempill—now Lord Sempill, who was married a few weeks ago—took a Mission, as such things are now called, to teach the Japanese Navy how to run an air service. He had a splendid crowd of pilots, navigators, engineers, and radio specialists, the pick of the Royal Naval Air Service, as instructors. They had a wonderful time for a couple of years and were well paid, and the Japs were awfully civil—because they wanted something which they could not just take.

One of the instructors told me afterwards that a Japanese pilot would fly all right, according to the book, but that if anything went wrong—if an engine cut out, or a control jammed, or he had to make a forced landing, he would probably throw up his hands and scratch his head and wonder what the book said about it. I have heard just the same thing said of Chinese and Russian pilots, and Netherlands pilots have told me the same of Javanese pilots.

On the mechanical side the Japanese are copyists, with a difference. A Chinese copy is a dead copy, down to the darn in the seat of the pants; but a Japanese copyist probably puts the buttons at the back, and he probably steals his pattern.

Every Navy man knows the story of the Japanese Navy's request for tenders and detail drawings for a couple of cruisers from one of our great shipyards. The drawings were sent, and duly returned after many months, much thumbed, with profuse regrets that the price would not do. For a year or so observers watched two cruisers being built in a Japanese yard. And when they were launched they both capsized. The English firm, suspicious of such customers, had done something funny with the metacentre.

There is an air story also, of a big party at an English bomber factory, to which foreign Air Attachés and their aides and students were invited. After the procession had left the assembly-shop a senior officer of the R.A.F. said to the head of the firm that he would like to go back and have "another look at those bomb-release doors." So they went back, the R.A.F. man stood below to watch the doors, the head of the firm climbed up into the cockpit and pressed the button, the doors opened, and out dropped a Japanese visitor, note-book in hand. Believe it or not.

Japanese aeroplanes are copies of European and American machines, mostly bad. The big Japanese engineering firms, such as Mitsubishi, the Kawasaki Dockyard Company, and the Nakajima Kaisha, build openly under licence to British, German, French, Italian and American firms—aeroplanes, motors and equipment—but all the types are old, and many are single-motor biplanes.

An American observer who gives the Germans credit for having 35,000 aeroplanes, which is nonsense, and gives us credit for having only 12,000, which is equally nonsense in the other direction, says that the Japanese have about 3,000—of which, he guesses, 1,500 are first-line Army machines, and 500 belong to the Navy. Suppose we allow them 5,000 in all. More than half will be trainers, leaving 2,000, divided much as the American guesses. And never more than half could take the air at one moment.

The Army machines might get within reach of Singapore or Malaya or Burma by way of French Indo-China—but look at the intervening country on the map. If they did they could not put more than 250 machines in the air in one attack. And on a

"THE BOY FROM NEXT DOOR": Flying Officer Kane is a woman doctor from Rhodesia whose job is the care of W.A.A.F. personnel in the various R.A.F. stations. On a visit to a remote air station, she was watching an aircraft return from patrol: on learning that the pilot was also a Rhodesian, she asked to be introduced. No introduction was needed, however, as Flying Officer Guest, the pilot, was a boyhood playmate of Mrs. Kane's daughter, and lived beside them in Rhodesia!

CUTTING THE RIBBON WHILST FLYING UPSIDE DOWN: A striking method adopted to open an All-American aerial show held at New Orleans recently. Howard Dutton, a stunt flier from Vermont, came along in his plane, and flying low cut the tape strung between the two poles seen in the picture. And, to make things a little more difficult, he did this upside down! This trick-flying has also been performed on many occasions by European pilots. It calls for great precision in height judging whilst in the inverted position

mere 10 to 1 basis, 25 R.A.A.F. fighters would have *them* out of the sky in about an hour.

The Japanese Navy has seven aircraft-carriers, between them able to carry about 200 aeroplanes So, if they all got off before the ships were torpedoed by the Singapore detachment of the R.A.F., about 20 Australian fighters would finish them.

Considered as an Air Power, the Japanese Air Force is a busted flush.

Russia's Might.—Which brings us to the Russians—now that everybody is wondering what Russia is going to do about Bulgaria and Turkey. The Russian Air Force as we saw in Finland and in Spain is quantity without quality. It is only dangerous in mass, like the Russian Army—the "steam roller" which was going to roll almost non-stop to Berlin in 1914—and got bogged in the Masurian Lakes and squashed by von Hindenburg at Tannenberg.

But here are two bits of pre-war history which are worth recalling to-day. About August 1939, when our Navy, Army and Political Mission was being fooled at Moscow, a German business man of the best sort said, in my office, "Remember, the Russians are the best chess-players in the world, and they are playing chess with the lot of us." A few days later the villa *next door* to that in which our Mission was quartered outside Moscow was occupied in state by a German Mission, and our people left.

On August 10, a friend of mine in the Spanish Air Force, with whom I had flown from South to North and West to East of Spain, came to see me on his way to Scotland for "The Twelfth." He said that he had just been to Berlin, and, at a party, had been talking Poland to some German *Luftwaffe* officers. A German said that Danzig was already German, and they were going to have the Corridor also. My Spanish friend said, "But won't the Russians object?" And the German replied, "That 's all right. We are going to give them a bit of Poland to keep them quiet." So evidently the Germans had their policy of appeasement too.

Who Started Parachuting? — The Russians get credit for all sorts of things that they do not deserve. Lately, since our air troops invaded Italy, the papers have been telling us that dropping troops by parachute was a Russian invention, and keep on reproducing that five-year-old picture of a mass-descent of Russian parachutists. In fact, parachute-troops are a British invention.

Somewhere about twelve years ago, Major L. V. S. Blacker, of Queen Victoria's Own Corps of Guides before 1914, and R.F.C. during the war, who had learned to fly at his own expense in 1913, wrote a book called *Tales from Turkestan*, under the name "Star Løb." In it is a story of a war on the North-West Frontier, which, as an officer of the Guides he knows thoroughly, in which a Pathan tribe is attacked and held on one side of a ridge while three companies of Pathan troops are dropped from big passenger-carriers with parachutes to attack in rear.

The yarn is vividly told in the first person, as by a British Staff Officer sent to India to study the new irregular warfare invented by a bunch of military geniuses, who have been allowed by the Indian Government to reorganise the Army of the Punjab (which is *outside* India, please note) as an experiment. The equipment of the parachute troops, their organisation, the method of dropping, and of going into action, must have been copied from that story by the Germans, so exact is the description.

There is a lot more in the story than mere parachutes, such as the proper use of cavalry, and mountain guns—and of the picking of shock-troops; all years before anybody thought of such a thing.

Learning by Laughing.—Major Blacker's great book, *On Secret Patrol In High Asia*, the story of Sir George McCartney's Mission in 1918 to Tashkent to buy up the Turkoman cotton crop from the Bolsheviks to prevent it from getting to Germany across the Caspian, is an education in geography, ethnology, politics, tactics, manners and morals, and it is one of the funniest books.

There are those who do not believe in learning by laughing. A soldier friend of mine, retired, who looks like making himself unpopular locally by exposing administrative scandals, warned me lately about being humorous, because so many people who may be worth convincing look on humour as a sign of lightness of mind. Personally, I don't think that bone-heads of that sort are worth convincing.

And if you want to learn by laughing, read General Sir Archibald Wavell's lectures on "Generals and Generalship." They are full of delicate allusive humour, much of which must have been right over the heads of his Cambridge University audience, and much of them is openly funny. The pity is that he did not expand the lectures into a full-length book. It would have been a nice companion to old von Clausewitz on one's bookshelf—as a sort of half-way between that and the *Memoirs of General de Marbot*, A.D.C. to six of Napoleon's Marshals. Those who have to do with war have to laugh to save themselves from weeping—especially when they are obstructed, as all fighting men are obstructed, by Civil Servants.

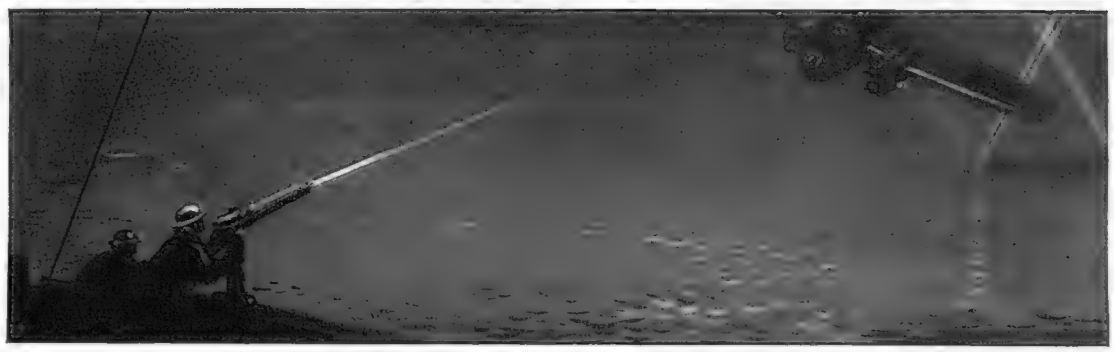
The Trainer.—According to the papers, Squadron Leader Louis Strange, D.S.O., M.C., D.F.C., has been responsible for training our Air Troops at the Central Landing School. He is one of the pioneers of Military Aviation. He was in the Dorsetshire Yeomanry before the last war and learned to fly for sport in 1912. He joined the Reserve of the Military Wing of the Royal Flying Corps in 1912, and was on the first course at the Central Flying School at Upavon in that year.

He went to France with the historic First Three Squadrons in August 1914, and was in the thick of the Air War all through. He evidently likes odd schools, for he was a strong supporter of the Loch Doone Fighting School, a grand and elaborate scheme, which failed chiefly because the ground lay-out was so badly managed. It involved electric railways carrying targets up and down the neighbouring mountains.

At the end of the war he was a very young Lieutenant-Colonel, who, contrary to what was considered good form at the time, insisted on flying. His men would follow him anywhere, but he was often heartily cursed because he used to order all the squadrons in his wing to rendezvous at a given minute over a given spot in Flanders, and then used to lead them up and down the fighting line from Holland to Ypres, sweeping the enemy out of the sky. He had absolute command of the air in that sector. His formations numbered between 100 and 120 machines—which would be goodly numbers in these days.

After the war he and Mr. O. E. Simmonds, now M.P. for Dudderston (Birmingham) founded the Spartan Aircraft Company—which later was absorbed by Saunders-Roe, of Cowes, in which Captain Harold Balfour, M.C., M.P., was concerned till he became Under Secretary for Air.

When Mr. Whitney Straight had his chain of aerodromes in the South of England formed, Louis Strange became General Manager, and was a great success. They were all taken over by the Air Ministry in 1940, so Louis Strange joined the R.A.F. as a Pilot Officer, with two rows of medal-ribbons, as his idea of "holidays with pay." He won a Bar to his twenty-two-year-old D.F.C. in June 1940.



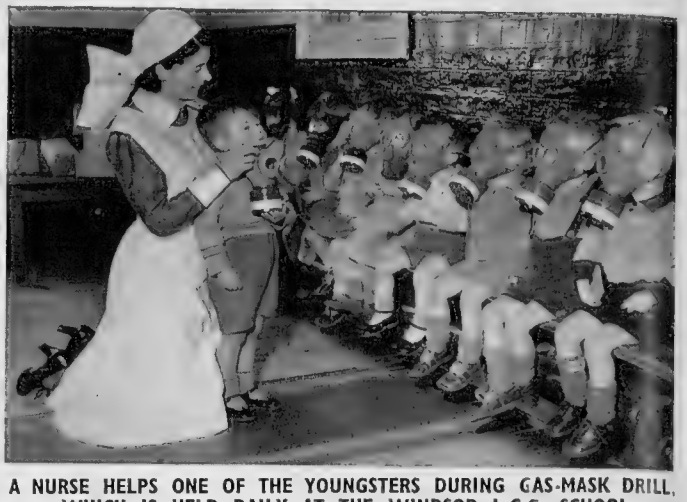
Drawings by Roland Davies

THE FINE RECORD OF THE BALLOON BARRAGE AND OF ITS GUN CREWS

Cases of contact by German planes with the cables of barrage balloons have been briefly reported from time to time. The results have not always brought about the spectacular destruction of the enemy plane which the public would have desired. The injury wrought, however, by any contact with the balloon cables has been considerable. That the cable can, under certain conditions, completely wreck an enemy plane was, however, demonstrated a few days ago when one raider was brought down by this means. Two others were shot down by the gun crews of the barrage. The engines of the plane which crashed, failed after a blue flash was seen in the sky, and the aircraft fell into the sea. Although their normal work is to operate balloons, the crews of the Balloon Barrage are trained gunners. Many are crack shots who take a delight in keeping their hands in with attacks on enemy bombers

THE INNOCENT VICTIMS OF WAR

LONDON'S BABIES FIND PEACE IN THE COUNTRY—A NURSE WALKS ACROSS THE PLAYGROUND WITH THE CHILDREN ALL IN GAS-MASKS, TO ACCUSTOM THEM TO THE WEARING OF THEM: The first children to leave London under the law which compels parents to evacuate children suffering in any way from shelter life, have arrived at an L.C.C. Residential School near Windsor. The infirmary at the school has a staff of nurses specially trained in child care, and after several weeks' treatment the children will be put with others in nursery classes. All under-fives sent under the new law will come to this centre, which specialises in this age group



A NURSE HELPS ONE OF THE YOUNGSTERS DURING GAS-MASK DRILL, WHICH IS HELD DAILY AT THE WINDSOR L.C.C. SCHOOL

On right—

CHILDREN AT A GOVERNMENT NURSERY LINING UP FOR THEIR BEDTIME "COD LIVER OIL AND MALT": The campaign for the establishment of Emergency Nursery Centres for the young children of evacuees is being speeded up. The problem of accommodation has become acute, and a woman architect has drawn up plans for centres to accommodate up to fifty children. The first two of this type are being opened in Guildford. The scheme will give the evacuee mothers an opportunity of engaging in vital work, knowing that their children are being well cared for by trained nurses whilst they are thus employed

Below—

FOLLOW-MY-LEADER IN "TODDLER'S TOWN": Five hundred toddlers, all under five years of age, have their own little colony in the Home Counties. These have been evacuated from L.C.C. Nursery Schools, and form the largest concentration of evacuee children in the country. Six large supply stores, a farm, dairy, bakery, lighting and heating plant, laundry, and clothing depot make the "town" practically self-supporting. L.C.C. nurses and teachers supervise the welfare of the children

A CHILDREN'S PARTY AT A HAMMERSMITH AMBULANCE STATION : The Women's Voluntary Service have just given a party to children in a vulnerable London area, on behalf of the American Red Cross, from whom a gift was received for this purpose

CHILDREN OF THE RUINS : A study from battle-scarred London : two little toddlers, oppressed by the cruelty of war, having tea and cake beside a Y.M.C.A. tea-car, following on a recent raid in the area. It is the plight of these poor innocent victims of the war which has most aroused the compassion of social workers in London : in many cases their parents find it almost impossible—for various reasons—to evacuate their children to safer areas

AFTER THE THREE-NIGHT "BLITZ" ON SWANSEA : HOMELESS MOTHERS AND CHILDREN FIND REST AFTER THE RAID HORROR : For three nights in succession the town of Swansea was mercilessly "blitzed" by Nazi bombers, whose airmen rained down thousands of incendiaries and H.-E. bombs. Many of the bombed-out families were gladly welcomed into temporary homes, and, thanks to the Ministry of Food, there was the least possible hindrance given to the victims—they were able to obtain food when and where they liked. Here is the scene in a local mission hall which served as a rest centre

On right—

PEACE IN A NEW COUNTRY HOME : Little Joyce Ali, aged two, is the daughter of a Lascar seaman drowned recently at sea : her home in London was later bombed, and she is now one of many refugees at Syston Court, a lovely old Gloucestershire mansion. Lady Gunston has been responsible for the arrangements and received the children, most of whom had not left their shelters in London for weeks

On left—

HAPPY LITTLE LONDON EVACUEES IN OXFORDSHIRE OFF FOR A RIDE THROUGH THE COUNTRY LANES

PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE IN BRITAIN'S WAR EFFORT

IN LONDON FOR TALKS ON LEASING NAVAL BASES: Commander H. Biesemier has arrived in London from the United States: this American delegate was a lieutenant in the U.S. Navy during the last war, his duties being to convoy troops across the Atlantic. After serving in battleships and submarines, he studied Law and became the most brilliant lawyer of his year. His legal knowledge is standing him in good stead during his present talks in London

TO COMMAND ALL THE AMERICAN FLEETS: Rear-Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, who has become Commander-in-Chief of all the U.S. Fleets, following the order recently made by the Navy Secretary under which the three main Fleets become the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Asiatic. Admiral Kimmel is a native of Kentucky, and was formerly Commander of the U.S. Battle-force Cruisers

A CANADIAN COMMODORE: Commodore L. W. Murray, of the R. Canadian Navy, has just arrived in London. His arrival may mean that a Navy Headquarters will be set up in London, for he is to administer the Shore Departments, and will also be in charge of all the Dominion ships in European waters. Canada's effort in connection with naval craft is growing with every week that passes, and is now very considerable indeed

THE MAN WHO WILL SPEED PRISONERS' PARCELS: Mr. Stanley Adams, chairman of Thomas Cook and Son, the tourist agents and bankers, is the head of the Prisoners of War Department of the British Red Cross. This is to be reorganised by him in an attempt to speed up the delivery of parcels to German prison camps which up to the present has been woefully behind-hand

AN EXPERT ON TANK WARFARE: Major-General G. Le Q. Martel, who recently organised a demonstration of tank warfare for the Prime Minister, General de Gaulle and General Sikorski. He has had a very fine military career: from 1936 to 1938 he was Assistant Director of Mechanisation at the War Office, and from 1938 to 1939 was Deputy Director

FOREIGN OFFICE LIAISON WORK: Mr. F. T. Ashton-Gwatkin has just been given an additional job at the F.O., where he is a "chief clerk": he is now to do liaison with the Chatham House group at Oxford. Mr. Ashton-Gwatkin has held posts in Tokyo and Moscow, has attended all the principal international economic conferences of the past twenty years, and has been head of the Economic Department of the Foreign Office. He was with Lord Runciman at Prague. When war began he was seconded to the Ministry of Economic Warfare as Policy Adviser

THE KING'S COUSIN DECORATED: Among those who have just been honoured by the King is Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N. He has received the D.S.O. for his fine work on two destroyers which were both saved after they had been badly hit by the enemy: these were H.M.S. *Kelly* and H.M.S. *Javelin*. With him above is Lady Louis, in the uniform of a Commandant of the British Red Cross and St. John Association

THE GALLANT SISTER OF A GALLANT SOLDIER: Miss Molly Wavell, sister of the C.-in-C. in the Middle East, is driving a Y.M.C.A. tea car on the South Coast. Here she is seen (on left) with Mrs. Keeler, who assists her in this work

"THE MAN WHO HAS FLOWN FASTER THAN A BULLET": Lieutenant Andrew McDonough, of the U.S. Navy, now working as a test pilot at Buffalo, has just dived an Airacobra fighter-plane at a speed of 620 m.p.h.—the greatest speed ever recorded. It is men like McDonough who are helping to give us the best that American engineers can produce

"Correct, sir?"

SCHWEPPES DRY

Ginger Al

Dry & Non-Alcoholi

Schw

...GUT-NO-MIN

...rofession

...exclusively by Coates &
...Road, London, E.C.1.
...sealed envelope, Brochure B.2.

ISSUED

...ADING CHEMISTS

Bronco
The De Luxe Toilet Paper

Made only by—
THE BRITISH PATENT PERFORATED PAPER CO., LTD.,
HACKNEY WICK . . . LONDON, E.9

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

ESCAPISM AND REALISM

The Passing of "Elizabeth"; Kate O'Brien's Study of a Nun; Alec Waugh on a Tropic Isle; London "Re-Blitzed"

THE death at Charleston, South Carolina, of Mary, Countess Russell, better known as the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, has provoked some strange obituaries. Elizabeth was a writer who always puzzled the critics. The German Garden book, published as long ago as 1898, was an immediate best-seller in this country and in America. Then, as now, popular success was apt to be appraised as the negation of worth. As her successive books came out, and it became apparent that there was something more to them than an artful mixture of wit and sentiment, there crept into the reviews something more than the amused aloofness accorded to popular successes.

The imitators were soon hard on her tracks, but none of them could stay the course, for the writings of Elizabeth were inimitable. She had a spontaneous wit, which was matchless in her generation, and possibly unique in literature. Her style, which appeared to flow so effortlessly, was the result of careful craftsmanship in which she took endless trouble. She loved producing amusing effects with long, sinuous sentences. She had not been a disciple and student of Henry James for nothing.

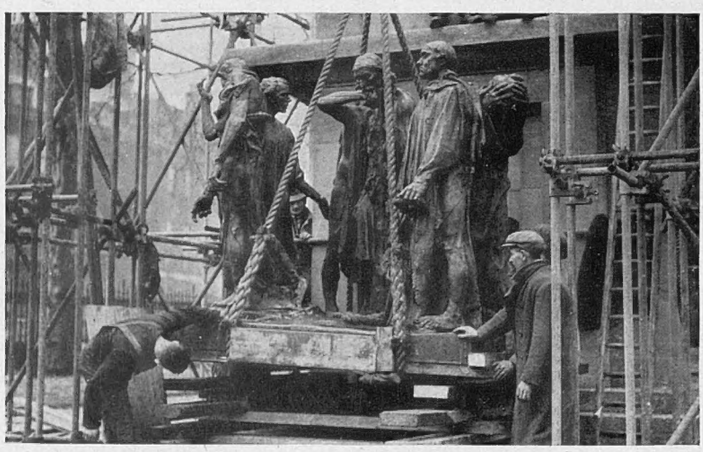
Both in herself and in her writing Elizabeth had a quality of elusiveness which, combined with an astringency of phrase, contrived to baffle both her acquaintances and her critics. Like her cousin, Katharine Mansfield, quickness in repartee combined with a frank, open gaze and a ridiculously tiny voice, had the effect of intimidating the dull and unimaginative.

In fact she was shy and sensitive, and never very comfortable in the kind of limelight into which the popular success of her writings was apt to thrust her. To the end of her days she maintained the cumbersome anonymity with which she clothed her first book, in an endeavour to avoid the embarrassments attendant upon a popular author.

Her friends—and she had a great many—literally adored her. They loved her impulsive generosity and her warmhearted loyalties. Above all, they revelled in her sense of fun, which was irrepressible and bubbled out on all occasions. It was exactly from this sense of fun the most spontaneous of her witticisms sprang.

Because of its baffling qualities, judgment on her work is in suspense. It defied classification, and that is something which few modern critics dare face. Books like *Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther*, *In the Mountains*, *Vera*, and *Mr. Skeffington*, will be read and re-read in years when their freshness and originality have survived the transient days of her life and death.

THE QUEEN VISITS THE SERVICES' CENTRAL BOOK DEPOT: This has been set up by the three Service Departments to receive from the public, through the medium of the Post Office, books, magazines and other recreational literature for distribution to the men and women of the fighting Services on every front. Here her Majesty is watching repairs to books at the Central Depot (which is controlled by the War Office on behalf of all three Services)



MOVING A FAMOUS LONDON STATUE TO SAFETY: "The Burghers of Calais," by Augusre Rodin, formerly in Victoria Gardens, Westminster, has now been moved to a place of safety as a precaution against possible bombing. This was given to the Nation by the National Art Collections Fund and was erected on its former site by the Government in 1914. The cost of removal of such a work of art is very considerable

These valedictory lines in homage to a great woman writer do not lead me incongruously to the work of Miss Kate O'Brien. For here again is an author in a class by herself. In all Miss O'Brien's work there is a deep sensitiveness and a careful craftsmanship.

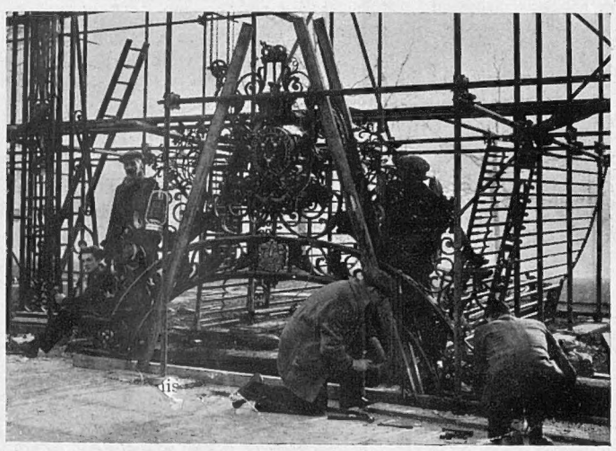
THE LAND OF SPICES (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is the story of an English nun, and the main part of its action takes place in an Irish convent school. The Foundation is a Continental one, and the Reverend Mother had spent her years of training teaching in Vienna, Turin, Cracow, and Brussels, where young ladies sought guidance in *la pudeur et le politesse*.

Helen Archer was an Englishwoman whose introduction to the world of the mind and soul had been guided by an adored father, a fine, fastidious scholar with a passion for seventeenth-century religious verse. In the strictly religious sense she had no vocation, but, as sometimes happens, she became a better nun for that.

Placed in charge of the Irish convent school, she finds herself in perplexed conflict with the local priests, who were not only suspicious of what they called her English and Continental outlook, but who sought to impose an overruling nationalism upon the education of her charges. The Mother Superior resisted these influences in her own way, and at the same time she had to battle with her own austerity and her religious resistance to the growing love she felt for the child, Anna Murphy.

Anna is the subject of a long and sensitive study by the author, who draws her portrait in sharp parallel. In the end these two strongly contrasted characters must part, the Reverend Mother to become Mère Générale of the Order, and Anna to whatever life has in store for her.

No bare outline of this book can do justice to its emotional and religious tenseness and to the finely-spun interweaving of the central and subsidiary characters. It is an original, sincere and in every way remarkable novel, and should add considerably to this author's already fine reputation.



THE DEVONSHIRE HOUSE GATES REMOVED: The well-known gates at one of the entrances to the Green Park in London have now gone to the country. They were made about the year 1735 and stood originally at Lord Heathfield's house at Turnham Green. In 1837 the Duke of Devonshire acquired them for his Chiswick House, and afterwards they were removed to Devonshire House in Piccadilly. Later they were placed in the Green Park

MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON, THE NEW "HATE" OF THE NAZIS: A few days ago, all the German newspapers carried identical articles condemning Miss Dorothy Thompson, the famous American journalist and wife of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, as the "most unscrupulous and worst warmonger among all American writers." They declared that her "disgusting activities" are nothing but a means of making money. This picture, just received in London, shows Miss Thompson testifying before the Lease and Lend Bill Committee, in which her expressive gestures seem to indicate her opinion of the Nazis! During her evidence, Miss Thompson declared that Germany intends to eliminate the United States as a World Power by fomenting a civil war as soon as the country could be isolated from Great Britain

Mr. Alec Waugh's new novel, NO TRUCE WITH TIME (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), bears the significant postscript, "B.E.F. France, May 1940." Here is the work of a true novelist in arms. A languorous, tropic West Indian isle; a woman on the threshold of middle age married to a satiated hulk of a man whose attitude to her was developing into semi-alcoholic indifference; a youngster in his twenties with a fastidious taste in clothes who fell in love with her.

The love-affair of Mary Montague and Barclay Ashe thrilled to all the passionate delights which a skilled novelist can muster in so romantic a setting. Everything in the tropic garden was lovely until the young and beautiful Kitty arrived to upset Mary enough to make her wish she were a widow the better to encase her heart's desire with more permanent bonds.

Mary achieves her widowhood, but in circumstances which admit of no consequences but tragic ones for her.

The love-making is luscious; the setting a perfect backcloth of sun, sea, stars and fronded beaches; the suspense and the ultimate tragedy are beautifully timed. A frank piece of escapism and skilled virtuosity. The stuff, in fact, to give the troops. Salute to Alec Waugh; novelist and veteran of two wars.

In HELL CAME TO LONDON (Peter Davies. 6s.) Mr. Basil Woon produces another of those pieces of high-powered reporting of London in the "Blitz." It covers fourteen days, commencing on that well-remembered September 7, and is illustrated by photographs of equally well-remembered scenes.

A certain Mr. Ingersoll, a New York editor, who arrived in London after the worst of it was over, spread it abroad that Hitler took London but didn't know it. The statement annoys Mr. Woon. He denies it. "No amount of bombing—*no amount*, Mr. Ingersoll—could 'take' London either then, now, or in the future."

So, from his own experiences and with the practised hand of a hardened news-gatherer, Mr. Woon sets out to prove it. Most of the English-speaking millions who have not been "blitzed" should be duly enthralled. Londoners may have something else to do.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1941. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

THE well-run hotel of four- or five-star dimension can be likened to a Rolls-Royce engine. It runs smoothly and silently. There are only a limited number of people who can afford such perfect luxury. And it needs someone of complete understanding of its working parts to look after it.

It was a Rolls-Royce standing by the porchway entrance of the Falmouth Hotel on a sunny January morning that once again made me realise what a complex affair the running of a first-class hotel must be in wartime.

Those who dwell in quiet luxury have always been accustomed to a smooth-running life. But, being men and women of intelligence, they are understanding of wartime restrictions and regulations. Though it would be upsetting to their equilibrium if they did not get that same solicitude and personal attention as they did in times of peace.

Ten minutes from the entrance of the Falmouth Hotel alone would partially supply an answer to " where have all the well-to-do people gone to who in the normal way would winter abroad ? " If the Falmouth Hotel provided a winter refuge in time of peace, it is more than fulfilling that role in time of war.

It was about 11 o'clock on that January morning that I witnessed the leisured world and his wife setting off to visit the shops, their social rendezvous or just to stroll; so for two hours I was able to inspect leisurely this Rolls-Royce of hotels within and without.

The sun-lounge—I cannot recall a finer one—was empty save for Charles, who in that quiet, efficient manner of the perfect servant busied himself tidying up morning papers, emptying ash-trays and making things shipshape. An apt word is shipshape, for this long sun-lounge, with its huge casement windows (they entirely open out on windless days), reminded me of the promenade deck of a luxury liner at anchor. Before one, as far as one could see, was a wide expanse of seascape and cliff scenery, and so cunningly has this sun-lounge been devised that by sitting in one spot teetotallers can see double! Deep-seated chairs, evenness of warmth and a wealth of up-to-date periodicals and books provide skilful weapons in warding off that feeling of depression which is occasioned by a dull spell of weather.

That same feeling of brightness pervades the dining-room, where at all times of the year one is greeted by the brightness of flowers. Again there are wide, thick-glassed windows to let in the sun and keep out the draught, and even if the menus gave a hint of wartime restrictions, one felt that the quality would be there even if some of the quantity was missing. In most large hotels I am well content if the Management will but show me their best suite, or an example of an ordinary bedroom and their worst room, but Mr. R. J. S. Fields, the Resident Director of the Falmouth Hotel, is nothing if not thorough, and as far as I could make out we visited the whole eighty-five.

By the aid of a smooth-running lift we started our tour on the top floor, and I can vouch for the fact that comfort is the keynote of every bedroom. On every floor there was a sense of solidity and goodness. Perhaps it was the mahogany furniture, which always looks prosperous. Not even on the top floor did I find any poky rooms; they all looked ready to be lived in. There were plenty of coat-hangers and all those etceteras which can make or mar a hotel bedroom. They all had an exceedingly well-groomed look, and not once did I trip over a chambermaid or a vacuum cleaner!

There is a plentiful supply of private suites and bedrooms with private bathrooms, and there is a sea view from every window. Of course, one really expects to find in a first-class hotel all those finishing touches which make for excellence, but somehow at the Falmouth Hotel there is a certain homeliness which tends to disappear in a large establishment, and I rather suspect that the underlying reason is that at the back of the scenes is someone who has complete understanding of the working parts. Mr. R. J. S. Fields has had a lifetime of experience in every branch of hotel industry. He has worked in hotels in Paris, Switzerland, Germany and America. There is no position in the Falmouth Hotel that he could not occupy himself if necessary, and the staff know it.

There is yet one further reason why I should select the Falmouth Hotel were I considering winter or wartime residence and was prepared to pay from 5 guineas a week. The larger the hotel these days, the more difficulty there is in getting commodities. I do not mean " rationed " goods so much as those other foodstuffs which are essentially necessary. The Falmouth Hotel is in the enviable position of being able to supply fresh vegetables from the hotel gardens throughout the whole year. There is no myth about this, for these gardens adjoin the hotel and you can see onions and many other rarities growing there now. More than that, they have their own special arrangements for the provision of Cornish farm produce and fish supplies. So just hand in your ration books, unpack your trunks, and the Falmouth Hotel will do the rest.

Under the same direction as the Falmouth Hotel is the Bay Hotel, a few yards along the front. Here there is the same thoroughness, the same coastal views and, in ratio to its size, the same degree of comfort. Its character is rather more residential than that of the Falmouth Hotel, and it will appeal to those whose purse is rather limited. Though a certain part of the grounds has had to be sacrificed for kitchen produce, there is a degree of satisfaction in being able to see fresh vegetables under one's very nose.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

D. E., Cranwell.—A pleasant spot for you to spend your leave is Hoops Inn, Horns Cross, North Devon. You ought to be able to escape here from uniforms and the sound of the bugle. The sea is about two miles away at Bucks Mill, and there is a whole host of other attractive little coves where you can listen to the sound of the waves.

H. S., Ferndown.—I can recall your having written to me several times before. I can only repeat, there is nowhere in modern warfare which can be described as safe, though the farther one is away from centres of population the better. If I were you, I should stay " put," though for comparative safety I should think you would find the Boscarn Hotel, Looe, as good a spot as any, for, with shops close at hand, you need not feel buried.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise " Sphere " readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

The Society is very anxious to obtain as many donations and subscriptions as possible to assist them in carrying on the great work of training poor boys in the *Arethusa* for the Royal and Merchant Navies, so essential to the welfare of our Country in these very anxious days. Hundreds of the Society's old boys are now helping the Empire. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY

This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 1s.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as a part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Canford Cliffs Hotel

Telephone: CANFORD CLIFFS 797/8 Near **Bournemouth**

Suites, Private Bathrooms, Central Heating in every room, lift and sheltered gardens, make this first-class fully licensed hotel most suitable

For WINTER RESIDENCE

FALMOUTH—CORNISH RIVIERA

BAY HOTEL

First Class Most Comfortable Hotel, due South and in Sheltered Position. Ideal for Duration. Modern Appointments. Central Heating Throughout. PERFECT SUN LOUNGE, facing South. Smoking and Billiard Rooms. Lift to all floors. Excellent Wartime Kitchen. Own Garden Vegetables and Cornish Farm Produce and Fish Supplies. **Moderate Inclusive Terms from 4 Guineas.**

Write for Illustrated Brochure and all particulars.

Telephone No. 94. R. J. S. FIELDS, Manager & Director.

GRAND POLICY

★ **To provide all that you would expect of a five-star hotel—PLUS**

★ **CHARLES READE**—exclusive engagement of this ex-champion and late professional of Queen's Club, as resident coach for Tennis and Squash.

★ **HARRY EVANS and His Broadcast Band** for Dancing, Light Music and Cabarets.

★ **COCKTAIL BAR**—the social hub of the West.

★ **CHEF** who in spite of war restrictions can delight the palate and appease the appetite.

FOR WINTER RESIDENCE

where there is five-star air-raid protection.

Write or 'phone R. PAUL, Manager, Torquay 2234.

GRAND HOTEL, TORQUAY

Near enough to reach the ***So Near and Yet so Far*** Paddington, and at the end of the day you return to a homely hotel where *every bedroom has its own bathroom.* A hard tennis court in our own 12-acre grounds. **Inclusive terms from 4½ guineas per week.**

City or the West End with ease. Far enough to be well clear of the smoke and noise of London. A 2-minute walk brings you to the station, a 37-minute ride lands you at

GROVE HALL HOTEL TWYFORD, BERKS. *Telephone:* Twyford 106

WEST LODGE PARK HOTEL In the heart of the country, yet but half an hour from Piccadilly Circus to Cockfosters. A country house of character and charm, Sixty acres of ground and not a roof in sight. Golf course at the drive gates. *Under the personal supervision of Mr. E. VICTOR, late of Whitehall Court. Tel. Barnet 0692.* **HADLEY WOOD,** Near Barnet — HERTS. —

BOURNE HALL HOTEL **YOU CANNOT DO BETTER FOR WARTIME OR WINTER RESIDENCE**

BOURNEMOUTH

Warm. Welcoming. Central. Billiard Room and Bridge Rooms. Plentiful Lounge Space. From **4 Gns.**

Tel.: FIVE. Resident Directors: Mr. & Mrs. R. J. Bray

Leave! What a glorious word! When it *does* come, make a note of

WOODCOTE HOTEL

DULVERTON—On the borders of Devon and Exmoor

Here you and your wife can LIVE, in every sense of the word. And if we are the losers at the special terms of 4 gns. each a week, we shall still love having you. Riding, Hunting, Shooting (of the pleasant kind!) . . . and you will be fed like fighting cocks.

If QUANTITY is less, QUALITY remains in the Grill Room of

The ROYAL CLARENCE HOTEL, Exeter

the social hub of Devon

BUDOCK VEAN HOTEL near Falmouth, **S.W. CORNWALL** **From 5 Gns. Suites from 7 Gns.**

Come away from War Worries and Wintry Weather. No Sirens. No Snow. A beautifully warm Country House Hotel with ample Lounge Space. Own Golf Links. Yachting, Boating in Season. *Tel.:* MAWNAN SMITH 88.

AND *NOW*, Mr. Business-Man! during the war, why not make your base at

Frequent electric trains reach London in half an hour. A most comfortable, quiet hotel, a lovely garden. Telephone: 2271

If you must stay within reach of Town

THE RED HOUSE, LEATHERHEAD

THE COMPLEAT ANGLER

Under the supervision of Mr. BALLY, late of Boulestin, this hotel combines comfort and convenience with food that only an expert can produce.

A RIVERSIDE RETREAT FOR THE BUSINESS MAN

Within easy reach of London, yet deep in the country

MARLOW-ON-THAMES

YES, we are open

and very comfortable, warm, peaceful and friendly you will find us for the winter days.

THE REDCLIFFE HOTEL

PAIGNTON

For PEACEFUL Winter Residence Plus the warmth and good fare of a first-class hotel—

QUEEN'S HOTEL, PENZANCE

With 100 bedrooms, modern bathrooms and lift we can offer you every comfort and a full southern aspect. From 4 gns. inclusive.

Telephone: 471/472 *Telegrams: Seaward*

FUIDGE MANOR, SPREYTON, MID DEVON

A full night's sleep seven days a week; for here in the heart of the country air-raids are unknown. A Country House with every modern comfort plus Squash Court, large recreation room. Licensed Club room. 180 acres.

Telephone: Whiddon Down 205

From **5 gns.** inclusive

Good work—good whisky

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820—still going strong

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1941. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.